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Mary Ann Frost Stearns Pratt

The subject of this sketch was a pioneer woman in the truest and broadest sense of the term. She was born in Bethel, Maine, Jan. 14, 1809. Her parents were Aaron Frost and Susan Gray. She was married to Nathan Stearns in 1831, and after two happy years of married life was left a widow with an infant daughter, Mary Ann, five months old. She says of herself: "I was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ, in the spring of 1835, being converted to the truthfulness of its doctrines by the first sermon I heard, and I said in my heart, if there are only three who hold firm to the faith, I will be one of that number; and through all the persecutions I have had to endure, I have ever felt the same; my heart has never swerved from that resolve."

What appealed to her most in the gospel was the principle of redemption for the dead, for she deeply mourned the loss of her young husband, and the thought that she could be united to him for eternity gave her the greatest consolation.

She began her pilgrimage when she left her native state, with her little daughter, four years old, to cast her lot with the Saints, having to sacrifice the little dowry left to her daughter by her husband, because the child's guardian refused to let her take it to the "Mormons."

She was married to Parley P. Pratt, who was a widower, on May 9, 1837, bearing four children by Brother Pratt, but lost two of them as infants in Nauvoo. She passed, with her husband through the many persecutions and missionary experiences that are recorded in history, going to him with her two children at one time when he was in prison, and sharing his dungeon which she describes as "A damp, dark, filthy place; without ventilation, merely having a small grating on one side."

The following lines were written by her husband at this time:

CONSTANT MARY.

When death had bereft me of one that was dear,
And fortune had left me in sadness and tears,
While gloom o'er my cottage in solitude reigned,
And deep in my bosom grief's arrow remained.

The Lord in much mercy look'd down from above,
And gave me sweet Mary, an angel of love;
Her form was most lovely, her countenance fair,
Though marks of deep sorrow still lingering there.

O Mary, sweet Mary, still gentle and kind,
Thy heart is all goodness and pure is thy mind.
How oft in affliction still faithful you've proved,
In sorrow and trouble my spirits have sooth'd.

When far from your country and friends I would roam
To seek in the wilds of Missouri a home,
My kind-hearted Mary, still constant and true,
To go with her Parley, bade friends all adieu.

Then o'er the rough billows of ocean's strong tide,
In storms and commotion she sail'd by my side;
O'er hills and o'er mountains, still onward we rode,
And along the broad rivers to seek an abode.

At length on the far distant plains of the west
We rear'd our lone cottage, a cottage of rest,
And there 'mid the wild flowers that bloom'd o'er the plain,
Our tender, sweet offspring we strove to maintain.

But scarce had kind autumn rewarded our toil,
And plenty around us begun for to smile,
When torn from her bosom in prison confined,
Adieu my fond Mary, I leave you behind.

O no, said sweet Mary, I'll quickly repair
To the cold, dreary prison and live with you there;
A dark, lonesome dungeon a palace will prove
When blessed with presence of him that I love.

Then welcome misfortune, since Heaven has deign'd,
To send me an Angel so constant and kind;
In palace or prison I am happy with thee,
And Eden without thee is no Eden to me.

She accompanied her husband on various missions, first to New York and thence to England, where she remained two years. She was with the Saints in their expulsion from Nauvoo and endured all the privations following and finally gathered to Utah, where she arrived in 1852. There she took her full share with the other pioneer women in the primitive work of the new country, spinning, coloring, weaving, gleaning, etc. But her greatest work was ministering to the sick, as for many years there was not a single doctor in the small town of Pleasant Grove where she lived. While she had no special training she never refused to go when called upon, and always prayed to God for help and guidance and would say to her daughter, with whom she lived, when leaving the house on her errand, "Mary, pray for me that all may be well." And these prayers were answered, for out of the many hundreds of births that she attended, no mother was called to leave her family. She was brave and fearless, strong, and self-reliant, resourceful in character, and she devoted her entire life to her religion, her family, and to humanity. She died in Pleasant Grove at the age of 83. She came to Utah with her family of three children and settled among the people of God, and her posterity is now nearing the two hundred mark.

The following extract from the history of Parley P. Pratt gives us a charming picture of the conditions, at that time, surrounding himself and wife—Mary Ann Stearns Pratt:

"During this conference I received a letter from my family in New York, informing me that they were dangerously ill of scarlet fever. I, therefore, by advice of the other members of the quorum, concluded to cross the ocean once more and bring them to England, where I was likely to remain for several years rather in a stationary position as an editor and publisher. I accordingly repaired immediately to Liverpool and embarked for New York. I was thirty-seven days confined on this dreary passage, without any friends or associates who cared for me or the cause of truth.

"I then landed in New York, found my wife and children recovered from their sickness, for which I felt truly thankful. They were agreeably surprised at seeing me so soon and so unexpectedly, and so were the Saints in that city and vicinity. After several joyful meetings among them, I went to the State of Maine on a visit with my wife and children to her parents and kindred. They lived in Bethel, Oxford County, about sixty miles from Portland, the seaport where we landed. The day before our arrival, my wife's sister, a Mrs. Bean, prophesied to her husband that Brother Pratt and family would arrive there the next evening, and she actually changed the bedding and prepared the best room for our reception, as if she had received

notice of our coming. At this her husband and friends laughed in derision, 'for,' said they, 'our brother-in-law is in England and his family in New York; how, then, will he be here tonight?' But she still persisted, and made ready the room and all things for our reception, assuring them that I would arrive that night with my family.

"Night came, the deep shades of evening gathered around, a dark and gloomy night set in, and still no signs of us. They still laughed her to scorn for her superstition, and she still persisted in her anticipations of our momentary arrival. At length, as they were about to retire to rest, we knocked at the door and were joyfully received—it being the first time that any of my wife's kindred there had seen my face.

"Mrs. Bean had a dream a few days previous to our arrival, in which she dreamed that I came to her and gave her a key to the Bible. As she related the dream to me, I presented her with my *Voice of Warning*. It seemed to her and her husband as they read it as if it was indeed a key to the doctrine and prophecies of the Holy Scriptures. They rejoiced with exceeding joy, and promised to be baptized, and to gather to Nauvoo, if God would only open their way to sell their farm.

"My father-in-law, Aaron Frost, and household, and all our kindred and many others in that region, received me with joy and hospitality, and I preached several times in their churches.

"I finally took leave of them and returned to New York accompanied by my wife's sister, Olive Frost, a young lady of some twenty years of age, who accompanied us to England to help us in the family.

"We soon embarked, and after a long and tedious passage, we arrived again in England in October, 1840. My family then consisted of my wife and wife's sister, and my wife's daughter, Mary Ann Stearns, and my sons, Parley and Nathan."

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE MARY ANN STEARNS WINTERS, DAUGHTER OF MARY ANN STEARNS PRATT.

I was born in Bethel, Oxford Co., state of Maine, April 6, 1833. Am the daughter of Nathan Stearns and Mary Ann Frost. My father died August 25, 1833, when I was not quite five months old, so I never knew the looks of a father, or had the tender care of a father's love; but all the devotion of my heart that would have extended to both parents was centered in my loving and faithful mother and our lives were so interwoven that one story cannot be told without the other. My father and mother were lovers in the true sense of the meaning, and she often said that she never received a cross word from him, or saw

a cross look on his face when turned to her, but always a smile of love and approbation. And of his health, my grandma said, "He had never missed a meal through sickness from the time he was two years old." But while working in the harvest field, one sultry July day, he was stricken with typhus fever (then prevalent in the community) and after four weeks of bleeding, cupping and blistering, he answered to the call of the reaper. In a few days my mother also became ill with the disease, and two others of the family, and I was taken by a kind neighbor to be weaned. After a few weeks when I was taken to the bedside of my mother, and she was asked if she knew whose baby it was, she shook her head and when asked to look again, she still could not think, but as her eyes wandered down to the little dress she had fashioned in love and anticipation, the truth dawned upon her, and she clasped me to her bosom with tears of motherly love and affection.

With the return of memory came the great weight of sorrow that had come to my mother, and she mourned as one not to be comforted, but taking up the burden of life for my sake, she wandered wearily on—still clothed in garbs of deep mourning till three years had passed away, when the glorious light of the gospel burst forth to illumine the souls of all who would accept its glad message.

In August, 1836, Apostle Brigham Young with five others of his quorum came down through Vermont and New Hampshire, and held conference in my native town, Bethel. They were there more than a week, and the Spirit of the Lord was poured out in great abundance upon the people of that and the adjoining towns who gathered and listened to the glad tidings. Many were baptized at that time, and most of them moved to Kirtland. My mother and grandmother Frost were baptized by Apostle David W. Patten, and after he confirmed my mother he also administered to her, by the laying on of hands, for the palpitation of the heart, and she was immediately healed. She had suffered with it severely for a number of years, but she was never heard to complain of her heart again, though she lived to be nearly eighty-two years old, and passed through many frightening scenes of mobs, Indian scares, and intimidating circumstances. My Grandfather Frost was baptized about a year after by Elder John Pack, and my mother's sister, Olive Grey Frost, was baptized about the same time, by Elder Duncan McArthur. My uncle, Orange Clark Frost, was the first of our family to hear the gospel, and when he came home he said, "Mother, I would carry you twenty miles the darkest night that ever was to hear such a sermon as I have heard tonight." Yet he never joined the Church—his wife and her folks were so much opposed that he did not see fit to incur their displeasure. My grandfather

and grandmother Stearns, though very good, religious people, never accepted the gospel, but one of their daughters, Mrs. Thankful Bessy, her husband and two children, joined the Church in the early days and remained faithful to the end—the mother and son dying in Manti, and both are lying beneath the shades of the Temple to await the resurrection day. The son, my cousin, Anthony S. Bessy, is living and does much work in the Manti Temple for our kindred dead in my father's line of ancestry.

As was usual in those days, the spirit of gathering rested upon the converts, and agreeable to the counsel given, all who could do so, gathered to the body of the Church, then located at Kirtland, Ohio. My mother prepared to take the journey with the little company that was going with the returning elders. These were John Carter and his siter, Eliza, of Newry, Maine; Aphia Woodman and Phebe Carter from Scarboro, Maine; and others that I do not call to mind at this time. Eliza Carter became the wife of James C. Snow, and Phebe Carter, (not related to the others), was the wife of Apostle Wilford Woodruff. Aphia Woodman did not live many years, and was not married.

After my father's death a guardian was appointed for me, and to take care of the little means that was left for my benefit. He was much opposed to "Mormonism," and would never consent to my being taken with them, but my mother considered she had the first and best right to her own child. Without asking leave she started with me, August 16, 1836, a little ahead of the company, and Father David Sessions took us, the night before the others started, in his carriage to Portland, where we were ready to take the boat for Boston when the others arrived. I well remember that night journey of sixty miles, for I was very tired of the jolting before it was finished. I remember going on the boat, but it was a night boat, and when I awoke in the morning, we were landed at Boston, and there, for the first time we saw the Prophet Joseph Smith who had been preaching in that vicinity. To me he seemed larger and nobler than any other man, and when he was introduced as "the Prophet," his mission seemed as sure to me as that I could see the sun shine in the heavens, or that Abraham was a man of God, as my mother had taught me from the Bible. We stayed in Boston three days, at the home of Aunt Polly Vosi, the Saints constantly receiving instructions from the lips of the Prophet. This, of course, I could not understand, but I watched him closely and realized that what he was saying was good and true.

A number more joined the company in Boston and they proceeded on their journey, arriving at Kirtland in due season. My mother went to the home of Brother Brigham Young, and we boarded there through the winter. I became acquainted with his

little daughters—Elizabeth and Vilate, and they were my first little friends in the Church, and we always remembered that time in our after lives with pleasure.

During the winter the younger children of the family took the measles and my turn came with the others. I was very sick and always remembered my suffering at that time. Drs. Willard and Levi Richards had just arrived from their homes in Massachusetts to investigate the gospel and were stopping at Brother Young's. They were Thompsonian doctors, and Sister Young was a strong convert to that practice; so, of course, we were liberally dosed with composition, lobelia, etc. To me the red pepper was something dreadful, and taking the composition through straws did not help the matter much—and oh, how I did long for a drink of cold water. But we got well, the dear little twins and all, and I will not condemn the bridge that helped to bring us safely over.

About this time the doctors had asked to be baptized. I watched them as they departed, and upon their return, and when Sister Young shook hands with them and greeted them as "Brother Richards," I thought then they were all right, especially as I did not have to take any more of their medicine. Mother with some others went to the baptizing to assist with the singing, and they all returned rejoicing in the New and Everlasting Gospel. I remember the name of one of the hymns that was sung on the occasion, "Now Let us Rejoice in the Day of Salvation." Brother Young had labored so faithfully to explain the gospel to them, and, little as I was, I wondered they didn't believe it sooner. I thought everybody ought to believe the gospel and become Latter-day Saints.

It was now drawing near spring. Brother Hyrum Smith's family had moved into their new house, and my mother went there to board for a time. Sister Smith was a kind, motherly woman, gentle and sweet in all her ways. She never tired of doing that which would bring peace and happiness to those around her. As I had neither brother nor sister, I took special delight in playing with a doll—the larger it was, and if it could have some of my clothing on it, the better I was suited. But Brother Smith did not approve of children playing with dolls, and my mother and Sister Smith used all their best arguments to persuade me to give them up. At last I yielded, not very willingly or with a very good grace, I fear, but because I thought I must. I had not been converted to that Puritanical idea—that it was wrong for little girls to play with dolls when they loved them so much, and I have always considered this my *first sacrifice*. Sister Smith gave me a new dress, if I would not have any more dolls while I was there. This soothed my feelings for

the time being, but did not quench my love in the least, for my little dumb companions.

I had a somewhat strange dream while we were living there. I would hear a rumbling sound as of chairs moving and people walking overhead, and the ceiling would open and men would come down, sometimes one, sometimes two, and again three—and stand and look at me a few seconds and then return again as they came. This was repeated several times, and I thought they were holding a meeting up there—but the strange part of it was, they were dressed just as our elders are now when they are prepared for burial. I have never yet found out why this dream came to me, but I must believe it had some purpose, on account of the clothing the people wore. During this time my mother had attended one of the prayer meetings in the temple and received her patriarchal blessing, and also I had received my childhood blessing into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Great promises were extended to mother in her blessing, and particular mention of me was made in it also.

As the spring days passed on, my mother went to live in a part of the house previously occupied by Brother Hyrum Smith's family—just across the street and a little north of their new home. And there she began housekeeping, and during the time we remained there many things transpired that fastened themselves indelibly in my memory. I was very lonesome. Though my mother did everything she could to amuse and entertain me, still there was a loneliness not to be overcome in that way. She taught me my a, b, c's by cutting out letters and pasting them around the fireplace—k was the hardest—I was used to keys, and if that letter had been key I should have known it at once. Then the terrible crickets—they sang so loudly, and seemed to be singing right at me. I couldn't understand what they said and imagined all sorts of terrible things. They looked harmless enough, and mother said they wouldn't hurt anyone, but what did they sing so loud for? No "cricket on the hearth" for me, if you please. I had learned to knit and had a pair of stockings nearly done and mother wanted me to finish them by my fourth birthday. I knit very tight and mother had to knit around every other time to loosen up the stitches, but I had them done in time, and was very glad for a number of reasons—it is quite a task for a little active girl to sit down and knit very long at a time, and it was a great relief to have the job off my hands, as well as a pleasure to see what I had done.

In those early days snuff-taking was quite fashionable. My father had given mother a very pretty snuff box, and though she had not practiced using snuff herself, she had the box filled and a nice vanilla bean in it to scent the snuff, and when old ladies came to see her would pass it round to them. It was also cus-

tomary, for people in trouble to smoke or take snuff to soothe their feelings and pass away the time (poor souls), and this course was urged upon mother. Smoking she could not think of, as it seemed too troublesome a habit, but she had become quite used to taking snuff before she heard the gospel sound. But now, after hearing "The Word of Wisdom" taught she must not partake of the forbidden snuff any longer. And in her patriarchal blessing, too, "Word of Wisdom" was spelled with large letters, so now the sacrifice must surely begin. It was her habit, immediately after eating, to take a good pinch of snuff, but now instead, she placed the snuff box on the chimney-piece over the letters and above the crickets—and took the Book of Mormon and sat down to read till all desire for the snuff had passed—and thus she gained the victory, with the temptation in plain sight. And oh how thankful she was in after years for the knowledge of the evil, and for strength to overcome it. And now another trial and sacrifice awaited us both. My own father had been a lieutenant in the State militia and had a nice uniform suit of blue broadcloth with bright buttons—these mother had kept and treasured and brought with her from our home in the East, and with tears of loving memory used often to show them to me and tell me about him, and at those times I could better realize that I truly had a father, and it almost seemed that he was with us in person for the time being. But there was a brother W. that had been called on a mission, and he was destitute of suitable clothing for the journey and could not go until he had a better supply, and a friend that knew about the suit hinted to mother that it would "just about" fit brother W. and would be very acceptable at that time. At first mother could not entertain the idea for a moment, but upon further reflection her conscience would not allow her to hold back a treasure that the gospel called for; and was not the occasion worthy the suit? Accordingly, mother removed the bright buttons and replaced them with citizen buttons, and with many tears we looked upon that suit for the last time, mother telling me always to remember it as being worn by my dear father—and our sacrifice was made willingly though sorrowfully, and I think I will never just know what it cost my dear mother.

During this time we were constant attendants at meetings in the temple, and I can especially remember the fast-meetings, and can recall at this day the great power and good spirit that were experienced on those occasions—and it was generally known that Father Joseph Smith, the Patriarch, would not break his fast and partake of food till the sun went down, and I thought he was the most wonderful person to willingly go without food for that length of time, and that he must surely be like Abraham, the faithful, that mother had told me so often about. And after the

close of one of the meetings, mother took me to the stand and showed me the place on the pulpit where the Savior had stood when He appeared to the Prophet, and where afterwards Moses and Elias came and delivered the keys for the gathering of the Saints (Israel), and the redemption of the dead.

One day mother took me to see the Egyptian mummies that were in the upper corridor of the temple. I was very pleased to go, for there was much talk about them, and I thought it would be so nice to go and see them, but when I saw them they frightened me very much—they had such an unearthly look to me. They were dark in color, and hard as metal, and the cloth they were wrapped in was petrified like the bodies. Brother Joseph explained much about them that I could not understand, and said they were thousands of years old.

I remember of partaking of the Sacrament of bread and wine, in the Kirtland Temple, and when I would have liked more of the wine, mother explained to me that it was in memory of the blood of our Savior when He was upon the cross. After that I was always satisfied to partake of the proper quantity—and with reverence in my heart also. My mother had belonged to a choir in her Eastern home, but she could not join it now on account of care of her little girl, but there was much congregational singing, and I learned many of the Latter-day Saints hymns at that time—"The Spirit of God Like a Fire is Burning," "Now Let us Rejoice," "Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken," and "Redeemer of Israel," "There's a Feast of Fat Things for the Righteous Preparing," were all as familiar to me as my daily breath, it seemed, and I learned them by heart, and I do not need a book when they are singing them now, though I cannot join, but I sing in my heart, nevertheless, in the singing.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Marriage hath been established as the union of the spiritual, as well as the physical being.

"The sign of a true marriage is increase, not only of the race, but also the attributes of the soul.

"It is an eternal marriage, valid throughout all the eternal world."

(From the writings of the Persian exile and preacher who adopted the name of Baha Allah, meaning Glory to God. Form 1916.)

Birth Control.

Perhaps no better evidence of the value and importance of the articles given last month and this month on Birth Control, from the inspired pens of our Church Authorities, can be adduced than the animated and sometimes heated discussions which this subject has already aruosed in this Society.

It may be to the point to relate a story told at the home of the Editor by the famous lecturer and publicist, Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman. The lady described a serious experiment made by a young married couple who were enthusiastic eugenists, and who were ideal in lives and characters.

They decided that from the very hour of conception, nay the preparatory hours before that momentous event, every possible care should be taken to insure a perfect human baby. Proper diet, full exercise, fresh air, beautiful scenes, happy thoughts and associations, pure emotions—these and these only were to surround the prospective mother. Nothing was allowed to ruffle her spirit or to depress her nerves. She and her young husband put into active service every known law—physical, moral and mental—to assist them in their glorious anticipated achievement. The medical world of Chicago was agog with expectation. At last the babe was born, and lived two days. The doctors at once performed an autopsy—and found—not one single thing right in the little body and not one organ had functioned normally. Every organ was abnormal. The lesson was obvious—but was not made public.

PRESIDENT HYRUM M. SMITH.

In reply to your request that I "express my views" upon the subject of your letter of April 17, I submit the following statement:

My observations and reading confirms my belief that the question is not a new one. The "doctrine" of birth control or race suicide has been taught and practiced for generations, and is as firmly fixed in the minds of so-called "Christian" peoples as the many other immoral institutions, e. g., divorce, inebriety, suicide, etc.

For years the birth-rate in France has been smaller than the death-rate, while in other Christian countries, including our own New England, the death-rate comes dangerously near offsetting the birth-rate. And the peril is no doubt increasing through the work of the promoting agencies you refer to.

If, as you intimate, the influence of these agencies is operating among our people, and there is a calculated tendency on the

part of the least proportion of the young married members of the Church to follow the lead of the world in such wicked ways; and if older parents are teaching and encouraging their married children to neglect the primary and ultimate purpose of marriage by resorting to criminal practices in order to prevent birth altogether or limit the number of children born, then the Church is facing a real danger which must arouse the profoundest apprehension, and all her power should be brought to bear in an effort to overcome and counteract such tendency.

As one of the watchmen on the towers of Zion, I raise my voice in warning to both old and young against every such teaching or practice. "Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and Sadducees," and of the things, "after which the Gentiles seek." These are the evil tendencies and practices of the world, which, for many years, have caused the most serious concern among the wisest and most far-seeing men of Christian lands, making them fear for the very existence of the race.

The Psalmist declared that, "Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord:—Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them," and conversely, cursed and miserable is the man that, as the result of his own design, hath his quiver empty. He must some day awaken to a bright realization that of that which is the most precious possession of either earth or heaven he is destitute and forever powerless to obtain, and that where they are who have inherited Eternal Lives, he cannot come, worlds without end.

The people or nation that follows the false teachers—be they editors of papers, authors of books, magazine writers, "Eugenists," or what not, of either sex, who advocate, with or without law, the prevention or limitation of the birth of children, will enter upon the sure road to ruin and extinction and will deserve their disgraceful end.

And to the passing of laws upon the question the first to be enacted should be one making the advocacy of birth prevention and restriction a crime, with a severe penalty for the advocate. Then pass other laws aiming to raise the environment and standard of all homes, community and industrial life, to the highest possible plane wherein all children might receive every advantage for the fullest development of body, mind and spirit, and let the number born be controlled only by the laws of nature, which were established by the Divine Creator for the purpose that man should multiply in the earth and the earth be replenished.

BISHOP DAVID A. SMITH.

It is with pleasure that I attempt to comply with your request for an expression as to my attitude towards the feeling that is apparently growing that it is a mistake to have large families.

In considering this subject it seems to me that it will be necessary to look at it from two angles. First, from the point of view of the man and woman who are selfish and narrow-minded, and who only care for the gratifying of their own selfish purposes and who do not know or hope for a future existence or happiness. If this is the class that is called the rich and cultured, I would say that those advocating birth control are perhaps nearer right, for the sooner this class can be stamped out, the sooner will the purpose of the Lord be brought about.

Considering the subject from the point of view of those who believe in God and in a future existence, those who are living not to carry out their own human, selfish desires, but are trying to serve their Creator and obey His laws, surely it can not be looked upon in the same light. For as the first grow more selfish and more covetous, which often causes the severing of the marriage bond or the entering into it for the mere sake of form, the latter class become more self-sacrificing, their hearts become more tender, and they possess a greater love and sympathy for the children of God. Their lives are not void with emptiness for they are living for others. Their lives are filled with joy and happiness, for they know that they are trying to fulfill the purpose of their creation. Their sorrows are not the sorrows filled with bitterness, but sorrows which tend to mellow them in the eyes of God.

A number of years ago it was my privilege to be acquainted with two young men who were employed at the same place and who were married on the same day. The next day as they returned to work they received the congratulations of their associates and one expressed the hope that "their troubles would all be little ones." One young man thanked him; the other said, "Not for me. We have agreed that no little ones will come to our home, until we have had some enjoyment out of life, and have laid up something for the future."

A number of years later, I met these young men. The greeting was, "How are you getting along, and how many babies have you?" One raised his head with a feeling of pride as he answered, "Six;" while the other, with tears in his eyes, said he would give all of his worldly possessions if his home could be blessed with babies. He said, "I am afraid we have gone too far, and can now look for nothing but doctors' bills."

I bear testimony of God's mercy to me. I was married in my youth and started with nothing but enough furniture to comfortably fill two little rooms which were rented, and with an income of $30 a month. I may belong to the poor and ignorant class, but I am grateful to Him to whom we must all look for final judgment, for His mercies, for my father, his family, and for the wife and nine children the Lord has given me.

Mother Takes Advice.

By Diana Parrish.

Isobel had been married two years before she dared broach the subject to her mother. She did it then only because she happened in on her one particularly trying morning. Mrs. Hartley was washing dishes in the hot kitchen. On the table stood stacks of unwashed dessert plates, sherbet glasses, and two big heaps of silverware. Two pairs of brass candelebra drooped down their shoulders waiting to be rid of the burnt-out candles and the long beards of wax which clung to the brass like the ghosts of the evening past. From her own experience, Isobel knew what it all meant. The girls had entertained the night before. In the center of the kitchen stood the ironing board with the electric iron still attached. Mignon had been obliged to iron a blouse before rushing madly away to the office. On the marble-topped work table stuck the remnants of a batch of walnut caramels. The sticky spatula lay just where Viola had tossed it when she finished cutting the caramels and packing them into a box for the girls at school. Isobel knew Viola and her caramels. Indeed she felt a twinge of remorse when she remembered that she had taught her younger sister the caramel trick. Against the wall leaned two cases of peaches to be bottled. A huge basket of tomatoes cried out for attention. When Isobel, through the dining room door, caught sight of Beatrice, rosy-cheeked and dreamy, surreptitiously turning the pages of a book as she dawdled about with a duster in hand, she could hold her tongue no longer.

"Mother," she began, "don't you think you should have some help with this housework?"

Mrs. Hartley surveyed Isobel brightly, noting how well she looked in her smart little morning frock. She smiled and trilled to Isobel's dainty white-clothed baby before she answered.

"Oh, we get on very well, Isobel. I enjoy the housework."

"But mother, don't you see? Fancy you doing this sort of drudgery! Dishes that those girls have used for company! You never have any time to yourself. You never have any fun. You just make a slave of yourself to your family. It's not right."

Mrs. Hartley wiped the perspiration from her face and stared at her daughter in astonishment. It had not been so very long since Isobel herself had been one of the offending "girls." Remembrances of even more recent times turned the corner of mother's mouth in an odd little smile.

"Why, my dear, I'm quite all right. I don't mind in the least."

"That's just the point. You don't mind, but you should! Your family is grown up and you should be looking out for yourself. You should have done so long ago. You'll become old-fashioned and behind the times. And a woman your age is apt to lose her looks."

This last bold thrust burst from Isobel's lips unconsciously. It had been uppermost in her mind for a long time, but she had not meant to speak so abruptly.

Mother jerked her hands out of the dish water as if she had been slapped in the face. She glanced instinctively from Isobel's trim figure to her own fat, matronly shape—from her daughter's tiny shoes to her heavy ones shielding swollen feet.

"Isobel!" she cried, and without another word left the room.

Tears started in Isobel's eyes. Now she *had* done it! Done it very clumsily, too. She was sorry she had hurt her mother's feelings and yet—she could not help but compare her own housekeeping with her mother's burdensome work. For example, how different that very morning had been. Isobel, in her own home, arrayed in a dainty muslin breakfast slip sat facing beaming Tom over a tasty breakfast. Red-tinted peaches piled in a bowl of fascinating design stood at Tom's elbow. Tom was expert in peeling peaches and always insisted on peeling Isobel's for her. After the peaches, Isobel whisked into the kitchen for the cereal which had been cooked in the double boiler while she dressed. Delicately-cooked with thick cream. Delicious! The final course consisted of poached eggs and toast. Isobel poached the eggs at the table in the electric chafing-dish while Tom made the toast with the electric toaster. No chef in the land could make a breakfast better than that, and yet there was pratically no labor attached to it. An hour later Tom had departed for his office, the dishes were washed and the kitchen straightened. Isobel put the rest of the house in order while she waited for the baby to awake. But her poor mother. Breakfast to make for five. Breakfast dishes, dishes from the late supper of the night before, a large house to attend to, fruit to preserve and no one to help but a girl of the romantic day-dreaming age. It was shameful the way mother let her dream, too! Mother must be rescued from slavery. Being the first married daughter of a family of seven children, Isobel felt that she was the only one to rescue her. She knew she must do it without the help of her married brothers. Bob, Parker and Tim had been married a long time, and they had never done anything to change their mother's condition.

Isobel felt the tears coming faster and faster, so she hurried back to her little home down the road.

Two days later Isobel called up her mother's house on the telephone. Beatrice answered.

"Is that you Bea?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Bea, how is mother?"

"All right."

"That's good, I have been worrying about her. I say, Bea, I wonder if you will do a favor this afternoon?"

"I'll be pleased to, if I can."

"Will you tend my baby for me while I go to Clara Hilgraves' party? My little nurse girl promised a week ago to come as usual but this morning she telephoned to say she was sick. I've tried everywhere to get someone, but it's too late on such short notice. I wouldn't bother you, Dot, it's a very beautiful affair and I hate to miss it."

"Oh, I'm sorry, dear, but I won't be able to. Listen, Isobel," Bea whispered, "when I said mother was all right, I meant that she was about the same. But something has come over her about making us work. I have to prepare dinner tonight, and I have a dentist appointment that will keep me rushing."

Isobel hesitated. Presently she said, "Call mother to the 'phone, will you please?"

It was not long before mother answered.

"Yes, dear."

"Oh, mother, how are you?"

"I'm very well, dear.'

Isobel hesitated again. Finally she stammered.

"Mother, I don't like to trouble you, but I wonder if you could take care of Tommie for me this afternoon?"

A long pause. Mother was considering her recent decision that she would change her habit—the decision which came from the realization of the fact that she had allowed her children to usurp her rights—that she had made them foolishly dependent upon her.

"I'm so sorry, my dear," came at last in an even voice, "but I'm going shopping and won't be able to oblige you."

"There's nothing wrong, is there, mother? Nothing from what I said the other morning?" gasped Isobel.

"Nothing, my dear, nothing," mother hastened to reply.

"I'm so glad, I was afraid—well, goodbye, mother," faltered Isobel.

"Goodbye, dear."

Isobel hung up the receiver wondering what in the world could make her mother put shopping before caring for her little grandson.

Mother hung up the receiver, grimly determined to stick to her new resolve, no matter what the cost.

During the weeks that followed Mrs. Hartley was tried to the utmost. The remarks of Isobel had made her most unhappy. She was offended with her daughter's presumption in daring to suggest such a thing to her mother. Her pride was wounded at the thought that her methods were not perfect in the sight of her child. She realized, however, that there was truth in Isobel's criticism. She had sacrificed herself to her family, to their detriment and her own. It was here that mother's fighting blood rose magnificently. Having made up her mind that she should change her ways, instead of grieving, she threw herself valiantly upon the task. With the courage which had enabled her to become the mother of seven children she attacked the problem. With the valorous endurance which had brought seven little babes to the estate of manhood and womanhood she undertook the struggle which revolutionary Isobel advised.

The refusal to tend Isobel's baby was, so to speak, the first gun fired. After that the shots came thick and fast. Mother went shopping and brought home nothing for anyone but herself. Mother arranged for each daughter at home to attend to a certain portion of the housework. Mother took care of her own room, but spent most of her time in her own interests. "In her selfish interests," commented the astonished daughters. On the third morning after this new arrangement of affairs, mother remained in bed until eleven. It was the first time the family remembered such an occurrence. It was the first time in thirty-five years that mother had not been the first one in the house astir. Beatrice, in alarm, peeped into her room, to find her sleeping peacefully.

Mother spent hours on the veranda engrossed with delicate embroidery and filmy laces. She fashioned blouses and lingerie with the exquisite skill for which she had been famous as a girl. And they were all for mother! No extra silk blouse for Viola, "just for a change, my dear." No new embroidered collar and cuffs for Beatrice. No more monogrammed slips for Mignon. These days the girls even mended their own torn laces, darned their own hose, and sewed on their own buttons.

Mother got out her guitar and after stealthy practices behind locked doors, took to playing "Annie Laurie" and "Ben Bolt" to father, happily ensconced in his great arm chair and house slippers on the vine-covered balcony. Mother devoting her entire time to herself was enough cause for silent wonder among the family. Mother in a soft crepe gown of father's favorite shade of rose, playing and humming sentimental airs, was cause for whispered alarm and suggestions that someone had better see the doctor.

It was Isobel who suggested to the family that they make a special celebration for their parents' wedding anniversary in September. Isobel, perplexed and worried, wished to make amends

for her rudeness to her mother, to clear away the slight estrangement which seemed to have come between them. Although the gathering was to be a surprise, Isobel took it upon herself to drop her mother several very definite hints that something was afoot for the wedding day. Surprises are all very well, in their way, but Isobel thought it might work better if her mother knew about it beforehand.

The family threw themselves into the preparations gallantly. Fanny, Bob's wife, made a gorgeous wedding cake, all frosted over with the hard, indigestible frosting that is guaranteed to preserve the cake fifty years. Geraldine, the second sister-in-law, fried the chicken. The affair was to be one of father's favorite chicken suppers. Margie, the other sister-in-law, prepared a clever little toast for the occasion. She was to sit near the head of the table and sort of start things off.

At eight o'clock on the eventful day, the whole family assembled. Bob, stout and jocular, as became the eldest member, tiptoed through the kitchen door with Bob, Jr., and Fanny trailing breathlessly after him. Parker, followed by Geraldine and wide-eyed Nancy seeing her first party, crept in, holding his wriggling, squirming, year-old son tightly in his arms, one hand raised in readiness to cover his offspring's mouth in case of untimely, lusty howls. Margie and Tim and their two sons tried to squeeze through the door together in their haste to get in without giving away the surprise. Tim, of course, was immediately possessed of an insane desire to sneeze, and even after Margie pressed her finger hard on his upper lip as a preventive, gave vent to a ludicrously muffled "Kerchew!"

"There! aren't they perfectly dear?" whispered Isobel. She spread on the sideboard the silver salad forks and round-bowled soup spoons which the children had decided to add as a present to their parents' silver service.

"Lovely," came in a subdued chorus.

"Leave them spread out," suggested Viola, as she brought in the salad. "I suppose we may as well bring things in—they'll be here any minute now."

"Yes, I arranged with Mrs. Dennison to have an evening engagement so that mother and father would have to leave right after dinner. They ought to be here by eight-thirty." Isobel gave a satisfied pat to the silver.

So the family settled down in the parlor to wait. The grandchildren took turns acting as lookouts at the front door. At nine o'clock there were no grandparents in sight, and the little lookouts, losing interest, began to return via the dining room route, concealing olives in suddenly swollen cheeks and munching and hastily swallowing salted almonds.

Ten o'clock dragged round and no father and mother. The

valiant lookouts, satisfied with their gleanings of olives, nuts and cake, one by one curled themselves up in the big chairs and went to sleep. Bob and Parker holding sleeping infants, exchanged anxious glances. Viola stifled a yawn and Mignon, from the piano bench, gave a violent nod which woke her up.

"I can stand this no longer," burst out Isobel. "Something has gone wrong, an accident, perhaps, and father and mother may be hurt—"

"Nonsense, Isobel," put in Tim. "Don't alarm yourself."

"Well, I'm sure something has happened, otherwise they would have telephoned. I'm going out to look for them."

She hurried from the house and through the garden. They all trooped after her.

"Listen!" she said in a hushed voice at the gate. "Horses! and it sounds like the rubber wheels of the ambulance!"

As they went through the gate, a smartly built phaeton drawn by a pair of horses turned into the moonlit avenue.

"Mother and father!" gasped Isobel. "And she didn't come to her wedding party even when she knew about it—that's taking my advice with a vengeance!"

The others stared.

The horses, unheeded by father, guided themselves, as all well-trained livery-stable horses that are hired to lovers do. Under the leafly trees that arched across the avenue and dappled it with shadow, father and mother drove, unconscious of their gazing children. And silhouetted against the gleaming harvest moon, they saw father's arm steal round mother's waist and mother's head droop down on father's shoulder.

EMMA LUCY GATES' WEDDING CAKE.

(Made by her Mother and iced by herself.)

6 well beaten eggs, 1 lb. of stoned raisins, 1 lb. of cleaned currants 1 lb. of chopped walnuts, ½ lb. of butter, ½ lb. of sugar, creamed with butter, 1 lb. of flour, with 1 teaspoon of yeast powder; mix flour with the fruit. Inside of one baker's loaf of bread, crumbed, 1 cup of rich, sweet milk, 1 teaspoon each of lemon, vanilla, cinnamon and nutmeg, 2 tablespoons ground chocolate, 2 tablespoons preserved plums or peaches.

Mix batter, add bread crumbs and nuts, lastly the floured fruit. Bake all night in fireless cooker.

Proper Guidance of Children.

By Lucy Wright Snow.

AUTHORITY.

When Jesus said, "My gospel is not mine but His that sent me," He showed us how profoundly He respected the authority of His Father. In this example of our own dear Savior we find one of the first essentials of proper guidance of children.

When a child has come to feel the authority of his parents, yet still maintaining his freedom to think and act for himself, the problem of his proper guidance is near a solution.

In order that this authority may be a proper authority, it is necessary that a perfect harmony of purpose exist between the parents of a family. How best this unity may be obtained is truly the problem of the parents. They should together study their ideals, and together watch them mature and crystalize, always keeping in mind the old adage, "United we stand; divided we fall."

When parents are united in purpose, it becomes an easy matter to train and develop children in the home as a unit, which unit produces in turn, love and loyalty, and may be a power for good throughout all time.

Each child should understand that he is responsible for his part in making the home happy, and a child very soon learns to accept this responsibility as one of the real pleasures of his little life. "Man is that he might have joy" applies from the cradle to the grave, and a child, properly anticipated, directed and employed, will get as much satisfaction and joy out of his little tasks and responsibilities as adults derive from theirs.

When we learn the importance of respecting authority, we should next come to realize the necessity of

CONFORMITY TO LAW.

In early life a child obeys mother because he must obey; he is incapable of reasoning, and the mother must use her reasoning power for him. Psychologists tell us that a child mind begins to philosophize or develop reasoning power at about the age of four years and, since a child's philosophy is his religion, here we find psychological reasons for our law of baptism at eight years.

As he reaches about the age of eight he should begin to know that he must do right, not because he will please mother,

but because it is essential for him to obey the law of right. Law is inevitable, and must be obeyed, or the consequences suffered.

Children should be taught early in life to do little tasks that are unpleasant. All our heroes became great through doing things that they didn't want to do. Why should a child be allowed to think that he may leave the unpleasant tasks for some on else to do? Let him get the habit of giving to his parents, and sensing the duty of doing for them; it will bring him happiness as it brings us happiness to do the work of our heavenly Father.

Teach a child to bear disappointment and suffering. This is the valuable lesson of self control. Many mothers conceal coming events from their children because the things may, after all, not happen, in which case "the disappointment would be ss hard to bear."

"Of course, if disappointment is thus treated as an experience to be avoided in every possible way, then disappointment will become an unbearable pain. But life is a series of disappointments as it is a series of fulfilments and surprises, and children should learn to meet disappointments as one of the interesting problems of life. They should grow accustomed to turn defeat into victory, by filling every disheartening gap with something which could not otherwise have been had."

As for the ills of life, they are the result of broken laws. When our first parents ate the fruit of this earth, they became mortal, and thereby subject to the ills and weaknesses of the flesh; why not make the most of a condition, and not scatter the poison of our complaint to those around us? Better to learn in infancy to bear trials with the strength and fortitude that God will give to the earnest solicitor, and in so doing our minds will remain clearer and more receptive in gaining knowledge; and we are told that we are saved no faster than we gain knowledge.

Now it is for us mothers to remember that the human mind is most active in absorbing its food in infancy and early childhood, and realize the importance of a healthy mental and spiritual environment for the child.

Books to read on the subject: Scripture, *"Gentle Measures in the Management and Training of the Young,"* by Jacob Abbot; *"Childhood,"* by Mrs. Birney; *"Fundamentals of Child Study,"* by Kirkpatrick.

The Prince of Ur

By Homespun.

The appointed hour of the sacrifice drew near. The sun had sunk to rest on the low horizon of the western Mesapotamian plains. The great heights of the Ziggarut were illumined by the last rays of the setting majesty whose worship was the central feature of lower Babylonia; but the moon-god was the chief deity of Ur. The floods of the departing, sparkling light rippled along the rising terraces of the temple, enveloping all in its golden glory like the material envelope of the empire's mysterious soul. The black, lower terrace of the temple was the more somber for the gleam of the red and yellow, the pale pink and the lustrous blue of the upper terraces which but accentuated the shimmering bloom of the golden shrine while it lighted the silvered sheen of the last of the seven collossal terraces on which sat the golden shrine with its mystic altar without, and its mysterious altar within.

A tremendous clamor of human voices mingled with the clash of musical instruments—drums and tambourines, the loud and swelling trumpet, with horns, softened by the sweeter lure of fluted strings on lyres, guitars, zithers, pipes and cymbals, rising from the bosom of the city, as well as from the choristers of the Ziggarut which gave the signal for the evening's procession and ceremonies. All who were to take part in the procession hastened to array themselves and to be ranged along the approach to the Ziggarut where Nimrod was to emerge on his way to the inner sanctuary of the temple. Under the main portico of the walls, stood a magnificent palanquin, or chair of state, upon supports of ivory, carved with symbolic characters. This car contained a throne of gold, the base of which represented in gilded relief the fish-god Onnanes, the emblem for united courage and wisdom. On this throne, at its different corners, were the colored statues of Libnah, Korash, Elkaneh and Merodack. On the top of the carved back rested a statuette of Ishtar, the goddess of the Assyrians, with her hands outstretched to protect her vassal and lord.

Nimrod, his forehead crowned with a massive weight of gold and jewels, under which was his linen bonnet, came out of the lower sanctuary wearing his priestly linen robe under his richly fringed outer garments, and seated himself in this throne chair, or royal shrine, while twelve high priests of the first rank in Ur and its surrounding tributary cities, uplifted him on their shoulders. Mardan stood at the head of the litter, his gleaming crown and his priestly miter betraying the complete and public apostasy

which had this day separated him forever from the Petesi's household and his former religion. His crown was a jewelled snake, its gleaming scales and its red-blood eyes of ruby from the isles of Indus reared itself above his curled and perfumed locks in the light of the thousand torches with sinister effect. Other great personages crowded around for the honor of touching the royal throne, some seizing the alabaster steps and others the supports, and all moved off together, preceded by an immense crowd to the temple of Ishtar—or the Moon goddess of Ur.

Instantly a blare of vocal and instrumental music smote the night-silence, in which the rudimentary flutes and trumpets, the drums and brasses, gave forth thrilling sounds from weedy pipes or sounding brass. The members of the king's court, the Rabmags, the priests, the officers and their functionaries of his great establishment followed immediately after their master. The royal palanquin was surrounded as well by fan bearers, by the children of the sacredotal caste carrying the scepter, the arms and the other insignia of the monarch before whom the first princess of the land and the son of the high priest of Ur burned incense continually.

The newly created goddess of Ishtar—the royal spouse selected by Nimrod, followed after; the haughty and vain apostate daughter of the house of Terah—Iscah—was robed in like fashion as her royal master; yet her own rich robes were made of almost transparent tissues, the weaving of which the Indus alone possessed the secret; and like him she displayed many jewelled ornaments on her neck, her arms and her ankles; her wealth of black, yet lusterless tresses clung about her, veiling the fabulous pearls and corals of the Erythrean seas and the emeralds of Troglodytes; she followed her lord in an elegant palanquin, the elastic hammock of which, constructed of fine flax and gold, seemed suspended from stalks of rose-colored and violet flowers. Above her crowned head was a broad canopy woven with the rainbow-hued spoils of the most brilliant birds of the tropics, which threw out coruscating, ever-changing tints and shades.

Behind this queenly cortege came in two parallel lines, the various petesi and officials of visiting cities and tribes. The lesser dignitaries of the court and priesthood followed after. Detachments of soldiers, regularly drawn up in line by platoons under their respective officers and standards, terminated the procession which even the long and beautiful tiled walks of the inner courts of the Ziggarut could not contain. As the procession reached the lower steps of the temple proper, the seven terraces of the Ziggarut resounded with solemn and mysterious religious music and incantations, the military music ceased and the royal pageant halted, and all waited till Nimrod had seated himself upon his throne, which was on the lower terrace.

The brazen gates, opening upon the Ziggarut proper, and guarded by the huge winged lions of the Assyrian royalty, gave open passage to a long procession of priestly choirs advancing with sacred hymnals to greet their god-king. These were the local ecclesiastics of the great city of Ur. They brought many visiting members of their cult in their ranks, and each gave forth his own benediction of his local gods upon the great god Merodach-Nimrod. Many of these visiting priests had brought with them their gods, mysteriously covered or enshrined in arks, which they carried on their shoulders, dividing themselves into groups of twelve, twenty-four or seventy priests, according to the dignity and importance of the god which they carried. The thick tissues of silver and gold effectually hid their idols from the curious or profane gaze of the onlooker. These gods were the rude symbols which an apostate priesthood after the order of Cush had engrafted upon the pure tradition bequeathed to them by their great forefather Noah.

As each Rabmag and each petesi halted before the royal throne, the priest in charge led the hymnal of praise to Nimrod, attributing to him the different virtues which their local god was made to symbolize. One praised his justice, another his magnanimity, others his hatred of falsehood, and his love of good. These sang laudations for his wisdom and his prudence, and those his strength and courage in overcoming his enemies.

Descending from his royal dais, Nimrod proceeded on foot up the long and elevated platform which led to the foot of the stairs leading up to the second terrace of the Ziggarut. Up and up the procession mounted, the choirs and bands mingling their strains in rising harmonies, which pealed forth on the night silence with weird and thrilling effect. Thousands of glownig oil lamps on all the terraces were ablaze with artificial illumination.

Up and up climbed the royal procession, and finally, the king had reached the upper shrine, where his own distorted and symbolic image stood in the Holy of Holies. In front of the great golden-domed shrine stood a golden table with the shew-bread upon it. Below was a parakku—or mercy-seat—of gold and filigree workmanship. In front of the shrine was an altar of gold, and another altar stood in the outer court. Here also was the great basin or font of bronze, for purifying and baptismal purposes. This was called "The Deep," and it stood on twelve oxen also made of bronze. To the left was the sacrificial altar, made in the shape of an iron bedstead—copied from the Egyptian deities for the offering of human sacrifice. This altar was to be consecrated this night—just as the moon-goddess Ishtar showed her effulgent face above the eastern horizon.

On the arrival of the king at the upper shrine, the high priest

officiating, caused the pontiffs under him to intone the chant consecrated to the divine moonlight about to reveal itself to mortals on this auspicious night. Standing erect at the altar, he received the king, who, ascending to a place beside him, aided him in preparing the ropes to fasten the sacrificial victim later upon the altar. Nimrod himself poured out upon the altar the libations of wine and oil, and burned the prescribed incense amid a shower of flowers, and then prostrated his huge bulk, along the richly tiled floor in front of the golden altar, whereon was now burning the royal incense. He pronounced these words:

"I come to my father the Nameless One, at the end of the procession of gods, which he forever admits to his presence."

During this ceremony, the priests and their arks and idols were wheeling solemnly around the outer courts of the shrine, and they finally entered and mingled their homage with the kingly votary who had laid his all on the altar, becoming by that act, the very god of heaven himself. As each passed the now seated form of their great god-king, Nimrod, they expressed wishes for the welfare of the King of Earth. The weird and blood-curdling litany which followed in a tongue strange to Iscah's ears, chilled her to the marrow. She had seen the beauty and the majesty and the brute-force of Nimrod. She was soon to behold the inferno which was to follow on the heels of this seemingly innocent and religious tribute and service.

Each petesi and priest as he bowed before the golden altar whereon sat Nimrod himself, said:

"I come to render homage to the sovereign of the gods, Nimrod-Merodach, the governing and controlling head of the lands of Assyria and Babylonia, in order that he may grant long years to his son the petesi of Arad—his son who loves Merodach."

Another said:

"We approach thee, to serve thy majesty, oh sovereign lord, Merodach-Nimrod. Grant a pure and established life to thy son Rab-saki."

Iscah was wrought up by the exaltation of all this pomp and splendor, and at the beckoning nod of her master, she too came forward and cried:

"And I, the royal spouse, the all-powerful mistress of the world, I bring my homage also, to Nimrod-Merodach, king of gods and men. My heart rejoices in thy loving kindness; I leap with delight under the weight of thy favors. Oh thou, who dost establish the seat of thy power in the dwelling of men, thou—Merodach—the lord of the world, accord to me a firmly established and pure life. May your years be counted by your periods of pageantries."

Then with the unseeing gaze of the seer of visions, Iscah lifted up her pale and now agonized face, and with the deep but

shrill voice of the visionary she trumpeted forth as if moved by a power wholly without herself:

"My well-beloved sovereign! Receive from Ishtar the power and the long days to pass upon the throne of Assyria. Thou shalt joyously control the world. Elkanah hath written down beside thy name all the royal attributes of the celesial One. The South and the North, the East and the West, shall be brought under thy yoke. All the good gates shall be opened to thee. I give the races of the earth to thee to trample beneath thy sandals. The force of thy arm shall triumph in all parts of the world, and the terror of thy name shall stamp itself deeply on the heaps of the barbarians. I give to thee, O my lord, the scythe of battle to restrain the foreign nations and to sever the bonds of the rebellious. Take the whip and the scepter to rule the land of Assyria. The Lady of the Celestial palace has prepared for thee the diadem of the sun. May this crown remain upon thy head where I place it forever."

At these words, the excited girl seized the crown which lay on the altar where Nimrod had placed it to receive the anointing from the priest, and the priest stretched his pontifical staff to the four corners of the earth as if to emphasize the words of the new prophetess of Ishtar.

The chanting of the priests was resumed, the incense was renewed in its vases, the marching priests took up the sacred strains, and Nimrod was ready to dedicate his newly prepared altar. Appeased, but not satisfied by all the lavish adulation he had received, he now turned to watch for the coming of Abram who was to perform the last sacred rites of dedication of the sacred altar by first plucking out the hearts of the three unhappy daughters of Azzi-jaami, and then their bodies were to be burnt in the sacred fires now blazing with brilliant fury upon the outer bronze altars.

Meanwhile, the terraces and walls of the huge Ziggarut were ablaze with the millions of oil lamps; and with the light of torches carried by the nude torch-bearers whose oily skins glistened in the flickerings of the light, while preparing for the rising of the full moon over the eastern corner of the sanctuary. The gardens below were filling rapidly with crowds of worshipers; the men and the women of Ur, preparing themselves in all gravity for the terrible saturnalia which ever followed on the yearly sacrifice of human flesh. The white mousseline robes of the aristocracy were very thin and floated like cloudlets round their quivering bodies as they swung their arms in the rhythm of the music or danced in solemn invocation to the god Elkanah. The gleaming, nude limbs of the brown and glossy black soldiers and priests shone dully between the fluttering and scanty white raiment of the crowds of patrician women, the brilliant colored robes of the

neophytes, fringed and embroidered, dazzling the eye with its riot of coloring.

On the lower terrace, the mass of writhing, singing and shouting people proved by their revolting coarseness of gesture and the husky tones of their voices that they were the scum and sputa of the city's populace. Scarce waiting for the darkness of midnight, much less for the rising of the moon-god, these bestial worshipers of the goddess Ishtar had waited for hours and were already drunk with the wrath and fornication of the coming idol-worship.

On the terrace, the cirling forms of dancing warriors and priests were now and then separated and joined again as delicate-limbed women who broke into their ranks whirled in and out of the service ritual. There was small suggestion on the upper terraces of the coarse and common ribaldry which marked the orgies of the masses below; but in the dusky, bleaming eyes of the warrior devotees, and the coquettish glancing of the patrician women and the flitting here and there of lovely children who carried small incense-lamps, or brought messages from the upper terrace to the nobles below, there was an air of wild, suppressed excitement. Here, too, the priests moved about, stimulating the coming saturnalia of worship by cunningly worded songs, or by suggestions to an occasional laggard youth or maiden who betrayed the untaught fear and horror of the country-bred.

On the upper terrace, hundreds of feet above them all, the high priests of Ur were busily engaged preparing the human sacrifice. The great iron framework, made like an Assyrian bedstead, stood in front of the golden couch and table in the holy place. On the further side of the shrine was the beautifully wrought golden lamps. Just outside the gleams of the altar furnace shone redly. The cruel pronged frame stood black and grim groaning for its prey before the porch of the sanctuary. Within the holy place of the sanctuary, the priests had renewed the lights of the mammoth, gleaming, golden candelebra, with its hundred small receptacles for oil and wick. The light glistened on the ruddy golden form of the gold Elkanah, so called by the Shemites —Izdubar by the Assyrians—and brought into hideous relief all the brutal lines of strength and sensual power which showed tragically through the crown of many sparkling jewels bent low upon his fiercely chiseled eyebrows, and glistening, jeweled eyes, while the tight curled beard and hair, the lion in one hand, the simitar in the other hand, proclaimed the favorite characteristics of Nimrod.

The golden altar upon which was placed the blood of the victims—both human and animal—now was wreathed in flowers, and the constant burning of incense filled the temple courts.

The huge forms of the priests moved softly about in the

sacred enclosure, some were casting omens or singing psalms, some muttering incantations, some of them swinging censors, some preparing the sacred vessels, and some were polishing long, gleaming knives whose sinister sparkles caught the reflection of the lights within the Shrine. There was a silence and an awed hush over the small enclosure of the Shrine which comported well with the awful character of the events about to take place within that temple of idol worship. Three dark female forms were stretched upon three stone altars outside the Shrine, tied with thongs, their mouths stopped with cotton saturated with oil. A little child sat under the shadow of the altar innocently playing with a basket of dates.

Suddenly there was a blast of trumpets, prolonged again and again, and instantly every form on every terrace was prostrated to the ground.

The last echoes of the trumpets had scarcely ceased when a thousand female voices began the hymnal to the moon-goddess Ishtar and below their piercing, vibrant tones the richer voices of the men-singers joined their rhythmical chanting to the god Elkanah, or the sun-god of the Assyrians. The still and solemn gloom of the inner shrine was broken now by a faint light stealing up over the low horizon of the flat valley of the Euphrates, and the trumpets again shrilled out their welcome, drowning momentarily the harmonies of the singing voices. Up the lower flight of stairs which lead up to the great Ziggarut, started the trumpeteers, followed by the nearly nude women choristers, their melodious voices winding in and out of the harmonies with such weird effect that even the priests on the upper platform were thrilled with their vibrations. The bass notes of their brother-singers who followed them up the long and tedious climb, sank and rose with even harmonies that gave the words they were chanting some deeper meaning than was customary, even to this powerful and wealthy temple ritual:

"Lord, prince of gods of heaven and earth, whose mandate is exalted. Father. God enlightening earth. Lord, good god, of gods the prince. God of the month. Lord of the alabaster houses, of gods the prince. Lord of crowns. Awarder of kingdoms, of gods the prince. Father, by lowering the proud himself enlarging, of gods the prince. Timely crescent, mightily horned, doom-dealer, splendid with orb fulfilled! Self produced, from his home forth issuing, pouring evermore plenteous streams. High exalting, all-producing, life unfolding from above. Father, he who life reneweth in thy circuit through all lands. God's sire, and men's, of childhood guide, even Ishtar's self thou didst create. Primeval seer, rewarder fixing the doom of days remote. Unshaken chief, whose heart benign is never mindful of thy wrongs. Whose blessings cease not, ever flowing, leading on his fellow

gods. Who from depth to height bright piercing openeth the gate of heaven. Father mine, of life the giver, cherishing all, beholding all."

And the people answered in one mellow response:

"Thou! Thy will who knoweth? Who with aught can it compare? Lord, in heaven and earth thy lordship of the gods none equals thee."

As the mighty procession gained the sixth platform, the assembled ten thousand thousand of kneeling votaries sang, wept, groaned or bellowed in their desire to augment the peans of praise thus uttered to their god.

The moon was near the rim of the eastern horizon, and as the great procession gained the upper platform, the rounded crescent showed her silver tip. As this gracious sight burst upon the prostrate multitude a very paroxysm smote the whole assemblage.

Out from the temple strode the huge form of the king, his sacredotal outer garments glistening with rich jewels.

The high-priest seized the little unconscious black child, whose one piercing cry was permitted to cleave the throbbing midnight air, ere he was strangled and flung upon the huge furnace altar to be offered as the first propitiate of the moon-god in this holy rite.

The trumpet blasts from the ascending columns of musicians drowned the cry of the infant.

The towering form of the king, in his gleaming robes and jewelled crown approached to the edge of the upper platform, to meet the ascending procession of priests, and with one arm upraised he spread abroad his opened fingers to give the death sign to some one not yet in the upper altar-place. His powerful voice rose bellowing like some great forest animal's, as he chanted these magic Chaldean words:

"The offspring who raises the head among mankind—his offspring for his life he shall give; the head of the offspring for the head of the man he shall give; the neck of the offspring for the neck of the man he shall give; the breast of the offspring for the breast of the man he shall give."

A silence like the cloud of death fell everywhere. The gods were not fully appeased. The sum of human life now offered was incomplete. Other victims awaited the knife and the fire.

Men looked furtively at each other. Women shrunk with the nameless fear which clutches at the heart when the shadowy wings of death brood over earth.

"The head of the offspring for the head of the man he shall give."

The powerful chanting voices of all the musicians took up the strain and as they clustered at the foot of the upper stairway, they sang this challenge to life and death with changing tones and

rising harmonies. The cymbals struck their pleas but the trumpets were silent. Their blast was sounded only at the completion of the sacrifice.

"The breast of the offspring for the breast of the man he shall give."

The moon-god was riding her silver chariot with rapid upward motion. The stars shone blue and cold in the refulgence cast by their sister luminary. Ishtar-Kohash rode between the crescents of her bows and gloated over the sweet orders of human sacrifice rising from the altars of her temple.

"The neck of the offspring for the neck of the man he shall give."

Down in the lower platform some small groups of shepherd-clad soldiers crawled and wormed their way along out to the very extremity of the eastern parapet. Above on the second platform, the soldier Lot stood very near the burning torches, their light paling before the rising gleams of the moon-god. Several of his warrior friends seeing him, themselves sons of aristocratic fathers and noble mothers, came to him casting his sulkiness in his teeth. He had no word of laughter, no sugar-sweet flattery of girls who passed him throwing out to him an arm of soft invitation, or perchance trying to brush his lips in passing. He stood, gloomy and remote. But he saw from the tail of his eye more than one of his comrades and relatives go slipping by to some common rendezvous at the back end of this richly decorated platform.

"What secret gallantry art up to, Lot, that thy brows are drawn in such dismay because the little temple maidens do fetch you sweet allurements for your midnight choice?"

"I have no girl to watch nor wait for, not in this crowd of flippant, painted wantons," growled Lot, who liked not that his presence there should even momentarily give color to the idea that he might be following in the licentious steps of the prince Mardan.

"He has his golden-haired treasure hidden in his father's own palace, I'll be bound," cried a matron, whose pouting lips of coral and full proportions 'neath her outer slimpsey mousselin coverings gave evidence of a too-bountiful bestowal of nature's charms. "He hath no eyes for delicate loveliness of youth nor even yet for those fuller flavored charms which invite to better things."

The sally brought a storm of laughter on poor Lot, and he moved slightly away, although he did not forsake his place by the torches.

The loud and reverberating tones of the king smote them as he took up the last stanza of the death decree.

"When the sun-god, Elkanah is fine, prosperity comes.

"And on the high places the son is burnt."

The quivering voices of the musicians took up the chant, and the faces of even the jesters paled for a moment; but they had

steeled themselves long ago to the necessities of their awful worship. What the gods demanded must be given. They were worshipers, not priests. They left all religious reasoning and rituals to those who understood them.

"I have given mine own first-born," said the matron who had spoken before to the little group gathered about her; her lips quivered, but she added with a steely glitter in her eyes.

"It was his father's life or his. He has paid the price."

"And his father?" cried a youth with a jewelled cane and with curled and perfumed hair falling on his gold-embroidered tunic; "what of his father?"

The mocking gibe may have stung, but the woman showed nothing of it as she caught the young man by his curls and pulled him down to her face to punish him with kisses.

Lot was filled with supreme disgust. But he stirred not, as the priests shouted, the cymbals and the harps poured forth their tinkling melodies and the singers chanted the refrain over and over:

"On the high places the son is burnt."

Just at the foot of the lower stairs a quick, short trumpet blast of peculiar significance announced to those above that the local officiating high priest was approaching.

Men hurried to the edges of the platforms and peered over in the moon-light to see who it was that was thus being so magnificently announced. The innocent victim already slain had certainly seemed enough. But to that hardened part of humanity massed upon the lower terrace, there was something in the very smell of blood that sends a shuddering excitement into the vitals of all who partake of that terrible phenomena. The gathered masses on these terraces were not unused to this thrilling lure. They were ready to cry, with their animal brother of the jungle, "More blood, more blood."

The marching feet of soldiers fell upon the stairs with solemn beat. The multitude could not discern who it was that walked between with the white mantle of the high priesthood, folded across his breast. He was tall, this new great dignitary, and his form towered above even the mighty forms of the northern Assyrian and Accadian soldiers.

"Hey," cried a Nubian wench who carried her child across her hip, "it looks like Prince Abram."

"Hush! thou slutish blabber," cried a magnificent black votary, herself a Nubian but of coarse and heroic physique. "Close thy loosened lips over that shovel tongue of yours and get thee to thy knees. The gods demand their price."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Home Science Department.

By Janette A. Hyde.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT AS AN INFORMATION BUREAU.

We wish our readers everywhere could realize the necessity for writing to our delegates in Congress for some of the many helpful bulletins issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. Any who desire to secure the pamphlets referred to below may do so by writing to Senator Reed Smoot, Senator George Sutherland or to Congressman Joseph Howell, address, Washington, D. C.

Fish as Food, No. 85.—In this little pamphlet we have instructions as to the value and use of fish, the nutritive value of fish, composition of fish, cost of protein and energy in fish and other foods, digestibility, how to prepare fish for the table, and the possible danger from eating fish.

Economical Use of Meat in the Home, No. 391, tells us of the cuts and cost of meat, methods of preparing it, reducing the expenses, utilizing the cheaper cuts of meat in palatable dishes, casserole cookery, chopped meat in various ways, developing and improving the flavor of meat, Indian curry, sauces and mock venison.

Use of Milk as Food, No. 363, has the sources and kinds of milk composition and characteristics of milk; milk as the possible carrier of disease, condensed milk and milk powder, care of milk in the home, milk for infants, special infant foods and milk products.

Cheese and its Economical Uses in the Diet, No. 487, has, in addition to the description of various cheeses, discussions concerning its nutritive value and digestibility with about 50 recipes for the use of cheese, combined with vegetables, macaroni and breads.

Mutton and its Value in the Diet, No. 526, contains discussion of digestibility, relative economy, how and when to use, with about 50 practical and toothsome recipes for its use in every possible way.

Corn Meal as a Food and Ways of Using It, No. 565, gives the origin and composition of corn, kinds of corn, meal and its uses, relation of corn meal to the balanced ration, the cooking of corn meal and its combination with other foods, with 60 recipes for its preparation.

The Manufacturing uses of Unfermented Grape Juice, No. 644, is an excellent bulletin, giving the composition of grape

juice, cause and prevention of fermentation, flavor and quality of grape juice, how to manufacture it at home, and valuable appliances for home use. Added to this is a long article, illustrated, on the commercial methods of making the juice with some recipes for its use both for the sick and the well.

Honey and its Uses in the Home, No. 653, after the introduction, tells us about the food value of honey, its flavor and wholesomeness, economy of honey as food, and uses of honey in cookery, with over 50 recipes for honey in breads, cakes, cookies, deserts, preserved fruits, ices and candy.

The Food for Young Children, No. 717, gives illustrations and instructions with menus and recipes for the feeding of young children. All of these recipes are not only scientifically tested for quality and food values for the child, they are also most appetizing and attractive in their composition.

The following questions illustrate the exactitude with which this pamphlet has been prepared to meet the needs of the child:

A REVIEW.

In the foregoing pages some general principles which should govern the young child's diet have been stated, and facts given about foods the child should have and about cooking them.

At the close of the day the mother might ask herself questions like the following, to make sure that she has taken into account the things to which her attention has been directed:

Did each child take about a quart of milk in one form or another?

Have I taken pains to see that the milk that comes to my house has been handled in a clean way?

If I was obliged to serve skim milk for the sake of cleanness or economy, did I supply a little extra fat in some other way?

Were the fats which I gave the child of the wholesome kind found in milk, cream, butter, and salad oils, or of the unwholesome kind found in doughnuts and other fried foods?

Did I make good use of all skim milk by using it in the preparation of cereal mushes, puddings, or otherwise?

Were all cereal foods thoroughly cooked?

Was the bread soggy? If so, was it because the loaves were too large, or because they were not cooked long enough?

Did I take pains to get a variety of foods from the cereal group by serving a cereal mush once during the day?

Did I keep in mind that while cereals are good food in themselves, they do not take the place of meat, milk, eggs, fruit, and vegetables?

Did I keep in mind that children who do not have plenty

of fruit and vegetables need whole-wheat bread and whole grains served in other ways?

Did each child have an egg or an equivalent amount of meat, fish, or poultry?

Did any child have more than this of flesh, foods or eggs? If so, might the money not have been better spent for fruits or vegetables?

If I was unable to get milk, meat, fish, poultry, or eggs, did I serve dried beans, or other legumes thoroughly cooked and carefully seasoned?

Were vegetables and fruits both on the child's bill of fare once during the day? If not, was it because we have not taken pains to raise them in our home garden?

Did either the fruit or the vegetables disagree with the child? If so, ought I to have cooked it more thoroughly, chopped it more finely, or have removed the skins or seeds?

Was the child given sweets between meals, or anything that tempted him to eat when he was not hungry?

Was he allowed to eat sweets when he should have been drinking milk or eating cereals, meat, eggs, fruit, or vegetables?

Were the sweets given to the child simple, i. e., unmixed with much fat or with hard substances difficult to chew, and not highly flavored?

Was the child made to eat slowly and chew his food properly?

A young child may be considered well fed if he has plenty of milk, bread, and other cereal foods; and egg once a day or its equivalent in flesh foods; a small portion each of carefully prepared fruits and vegetables, with a small amount of sweet food, after his appetite for other foods is satisfied. If there is too much or too little of any of these, his diet is one sided.

Senator Reed Smoot's splendid speech in the Senate on the Science of Home Economics is, without exception, the clearest and most complete assembling of facts and statement of needs and conditions in the homes of the people of the United States ever before presented. Our Relief Society members can obtain free copies of this booklet by addressing Senator Reed Smoot, Senate Chamber, Washington, D. C. We are proud to have a senator who so ably and fully represents the interests of the women of this State, and of all the United States, in the suffrage and in the home interests which are so dear to us all.

Crochet Nut Basket.

Isabel W. Sears.

Stitches used—Chain (ch.): Catch cotton with hook, making loop, draw cotton through this loop which makes the first stitch. Repeat; draw through as many loops as wanted, each loop is termed a chain stittch.

Slip stitch (sl. st.): Put hook through the work, thread over hook, draw it through the stitch on hook.

Single crochet (s. c.): Having stitch on hook, put hook through work and draw thread through, making two stitches on hook, thread over hook and draw through both stitches.

Treble crochet (t. c.): Having stitch on hook, put thread over hook; put hook through work and draw thread through, making three stitches on hook, put thread over hook, draw through two stitches; put thread over hook and draw off the two remaining stitches.

Picot (p.): A picot is made by making four or five chain, going back and drawing thread through first chain with sl. st.

CROCHET NUT BASKET.

Chain 22, turn, thread over, put hook in fourth st. from hook with t. c. Make 1 t. c. in each ch., 3 t. c. in last ch. Keep on round with t. c. in each ch. and 3 in first and last ch. Fasten to first t. c. with sl. st., ch. 3, 2 t. c. in first t. c., t. c. in next t. c., going round widening round ends to keep flat. Make 9 rows of t. c.

10th round—Ch. 3, t. c. in next 3 t. c., ch. 4, skip 4, 4 t. c. in next 4 t. c. Repeat to place of beginning and fasten with sl. st. in 3rd ch. at beginning.

11th round—Ch. 7, 3 t. c. in next 4 ch., ch. 4, 4 t. c. in next 4 ch. to end of row. Fasten in third ch. from beginning.

12th round—Same as 11th round.

13th round—Ch. 3, 1 t. c. in each t. c. and each ch. to end of row. Fasten with sl. st.

14th round—4 s. c. in first 4 t. c., ch. 4, skip 4, 4 s. c. in next 4 t. c., ch. 4, skip 4, 4, s, c. in next 4 t. c. Continue to end of row and fasten with sl. st. in first s. c. You may have to skip more or less to make them come out even.

15th round—Ch. 7, fasten in center of the 4 s. c. with sl. st., ch. 4, 4 t. c. in 4 ch., ch. 4, fasten in center of next 4 s. c., ch. 4, 4 t. c. in next 4 ch. to end of row, making 3 t. c. in last 4 ch. Fasten with sl. st. in 3rd ch. of the first 7 ch.

16th round—Ch. 4, 4 s. c. in next 4 t. c., ch. 4, 4 s. c. in next 4 t. c. to end of row.

17th round—Same as fifteenth round.

18th round—Same as 16th round.

19th round—Same as 15th round.

20th round—Same as 16th round, except ch. 5 instead of 4.

21st round—Ch. 3, 1 t. c. in each s. c. and each ch. to end and fasten with sl. st.

22nd round—Ch. 3, 3 to t. c. in next t. c., ch. 3, skip 2, 5 s. c. in next 5 t. c., ch. 3, skip 2, 4 t. c. in next t. c. Continue to end of row, may have to skip one or more to make scallops come out even. There must be an even number of scallops.

23rd round—Draw thread to center of the 4 t. c., ch. 3, 1 t. c. in center of 4 t. c., ch. 2, 2 t. c. in same place, ch. 4, 3 s. c. in the 5 s. c., ch. 4, 2 t. c. in center of 4 t. c., ch. 2, 2 t. c. in same place, ch. 4, 3 s. c. in 5 s. c., continue round, fasten last 4 ch. in third ch. you started with.

24th round—Ch. 3, 2 t. c. in the 2 ch., ch. 3, 3 t. c. in same place, ch. 4, 1 s. c. in center of 3 s. c., ch. 4, 3 t. c. in 2 ch., ch. 3, 3 t. c. in same place, ch. 4, 1 s. c. in center of 3 s. c., ch. 4, 3 t. c. in 2 ch., ch. 3, 3 t. c. in same 2 ch. Continue to end of row and fasten last 4 ch. in third ch. from where you started.

25th round—Ch. 3, 3 t. c. in 3 t. c., ch. 5, 4 t. c. in next 3 t. c., 4 t. c. in next 3 t. c., ch. 5, 4 t. c. in next 3 t. c. Repeat to end of row and fasten with sl. st.

26th round—4 s. c. in 4 t. c., ch. 2, 1 t. c. in the 5th ch., ch. 2, 1 t. c. in same place, ch. 2, 1 t. c. in same place, ch. 2, 1 t. c. in same place, ch. 2, 8 s. c. in 8 t. c., ch. 2, 1 t. c. in the 5th ch., ch. 2, 1 t. c. in same place, ch. 2 , 1 t. c. in same place, ch. 2, 1 t. c. in same place, ch. 2, 8 s. c. in 8 t. c. Repeat to end and fasten with needle and cotton.

HANDLE

Start between two scallops on side.

Make 4 s. c., ch. 1, turn, 4 s. c. in 4 s. c., ch. 4, make p., turn, 4 s. c. in 4 s. c., ch. 1, turn, 4 s. c. in 4 s. c., ch. 1, 4 s. c. in 4 s. c., ch. 4, make p, turn 4 s. c. in 4 s. c. Continue until you have 2½ inches. Fasten thread on under side, skip 3 scallops and make 2½ inches same as last then catch up the first piece and continue across end making the 8 s. c. wide, ch. 1, turn and continue on until you have 3¼ inches, then make 4 s. c. which will bring you to the center, ch. 1, turn and make 4 s. c., ch. 4, p. turn, 4 s. c. in last 4 s. c., ch. 1, turn and continue until you have 2½ inches. Fasten between 2 scallops same as other side, then go back and make another 2½ inches on the other side and fasten, leaving 3 scallops between. Fasten on wrong side with needle and thread.

Wash and starch in thick boiled starch or sugar syrup, and stretch over a mold or dish until dry.

Notes from the Field.

Amy Brown Lyman.

The Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was represented in the executive session of the National Council of Women of the United States by Miss Alice Louise Reynolds, who was in New York at the time. Miss Reynolds was received everywhere with great cordiality and made many friends for the Society. She reported that while in Washington the influence and great prestige of Senator Smoot opened many doors to her and constituted her a force and power in the councils of the women of the nation by reason of the senator's reflected light. She was shown every attention and courtesy, as were the other Utah women, by Senators Smoot and Sutherland and Congressman Howell, and Miss Reynolds was happy in extending some privileges to women in other states through the courtesy of our Utah delegation. The following is the report of Miss Reynolds, which was made to the General Board at the meeting held on June 15, 1916:

The board meeting of the National Council of Women was held at the Hotel Astor, New York, June 2, 1916, Mrs. Philip N. Moore, president, in the chair. Lady Aberdeen of the International Council was present.

The measure reducing dues to $10 failed to obtain the two-thirds vote to make it legal. This was not observed until later. The president said there was nothing to do but have the dues stand at ten dollars this year. All national organizations will pay ten dollars; state and local councils pay five dollars.

Several new organizations were admitted, among others the General Federation of Women's Clubs. One organization was refused because it was not national in character.

A committee of three members was appointed to revise the constitution. It was urgent that it be determined just who shall constitute the board of directors and just who shall be eligible to vote at council sessions.

President Moore urged that more publicity be given the work of the national council. It was suggested that each organization affiliated set apart a day to explain the work and the purpose of the National Council.

Every woman adopted the *California Magazine* as the official organ of the National Council. Each organization is to receive a copy.

A letter from Mrs. May Wright Sewell was read. The president said she did not have the required information to answer the

letter without assistance. Two persons were chosen to assist her in answering the letter.

The National Council stationery will carry the names of the officers of the National Council, and the names of the officers of the International Council with whom the National Council is affiliated.

Permanent committees to do the special work of the Council were chosen. Names will be sent to the chairman of persons for committee. She may accept, reject or appoint others. The work must be expert work. The president said that in other organizations, chairmen are frequently learning the work themselves, but the work of the National Council of Women must be expert.

Mrs. Martha H. Tingey was chosen as chairman of the Committee on Marriage and Divorce.

The work of the Committee on Co-operation was regarded a very good thing.

Chairmen of some of the committees:

Education—Miss Smith, professor at Bryn Mawr College.

Immigration—Mrs. Kate Waller Barratt.

Pan-Americanism—Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker.

Suffrage—Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt.

Resolution:

Resolved, that the first duties of the American woman in this world-crisis is to make American ideals and patriotism as efficient as possible in the service and friendship of the world.

The Oneida Stake Relief Society has recently sustained a great loss in the removal and resignation of Mrs. Laura B. Benson who has been president of that stake for twelve years. She was engaged in official work in the Relief Society before that period in Cache stake for sixteen years as stake secretary, and first counselor, which makes a record of thirty-two years' active service in the Relief Society. Sister Benson is one of the most intelligent presidents this society has ever had. Forceful, dignified, tireless and tactful, she has numbered her friends in the widening ratio of her numberless acquaintances. She has been greatly beloved and honored in the northern part of the state.

Brother and Sister Benson have removed to Logan to engage in temple work, and from this time forward Sister Benson will devote her time to genealogy and temple labors. What a glorious advance she has made and is now making.

The Oneida stake was organized with the following officers:

President—Mrs. Nellie Head.

First Counselor—Mrs. Lucy M. Cutler.

Second Counselor—Mrs. Phoebe McNiel.

The new stake board arranged a banquet and social in honor

of their retiring president, and enjoyed the sweet spirit of communion which prevailed throughout the occasion.

MILK STATIONS.

The General Board of the Relief Society, acting under the direction and advice of the First Presidency and the Presiding Bishopric, have co-operated with the city officials in providing five nurses to serve at the milk stations during the heated term in this city. The public health committee have attended to all the details and have met with enthusiastic help from every source. The names of those who are to have charge of the station work are: Mrs. Alice Merrill Horne, Mrs. Emma A. Empey, Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, Mrs. Carrie S. Thomas, Mrs. Julia P. M. Farnsworth.

At the Home Economics Conference, held at Cornell University, June 28 to July 3, the Relief Society was represented by the chairman of our Home Science committee, Mrs. Janette A. Hyde, as well as by our general secretary, Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, and the treasurer, Mrs. Emma A. Empey. Two of President Smith's daughters, the Misses Emily and Edith Smith, accompanied the sisters on this trip.

Dr. E. G. Peterson invited these representatives of the General Board to act as delegates to represent the Agricultural College of Utah. It was impossible for Miss Gertrude McCheyne, who is at the head of the extension work in home economics in that college, to be present at this congress, and Dr. Peterson was very pleased to be so ably represented through our board members.

At the close of the convention, Mrs. Lyman, Mrs. Empey and Mrs. Hyde, together with the Misses Smith, visited the branches of the Relief Society throughout the Eastern and Northern States Missions. The First Presidency of the Church were very much pleased to have these sisters visit our associate workers in the mission field. It was expected that Sister Julina L. Smith would head the party, but when she found it impracticable to do so, President Joseph F. Smith named Mrs. Lyman to go in her place.

We may expect excellent results from this historic trip. It is the first time that any representatives from this board have undertaken so extensive and important a trip in the mission fields. On their return we will, no doubt, be favored with an interesting account of their experiences.

Current Topics.

James H. Anderson.

A GERMAN SUBMARINE has crossed the Atlantic Ocean to the United States—this being the greatest feat on record thus far for an undersea boat.

MURRAY CITY, seven miles south of Salt Lake City, has again voted to exclude the saloon—this time by a larger majority than heretofore. It is notable that the women voters were the chief contributors to this result.

V. CARRANZA, whom the American policy placed at the head of the Mexican republic, by reason of favors shown his cause, turned and plunged the United States into practically a state of war with Mexico—a not altogether unexpected culmination of events.

THE BOMB which exploded in an Oregon Short Line mail car at Butte, Montana, and which was asserted by some to have been intended for the governor of Utah, is now shown to have not been intended for Utah at all, but for a station in Idaho.

O. N. HILTON, the Denver lawyer who abused the Utah courts and people because the murderer Hillstrom was convicted and executed, has been disbarred from practicing law in Utah. By his actions and language, long since, Hilton barred himself from being listed as a gentleman.

ARCHÆOLOGY IN UTAH is receiving special attention from the State University, through an expedition headed by Prof. L. E. Young. Southeastern Utah doubtless will contribute its share of archæology testimony to the fact that the New World, after all, is practically as old in its civilization as is the eastern hemisphere.

THE OLD FOLKS of northern Utah had one of the most enjoyable of Old Folks' Day observances in June this year, the assemblage at the Temple Block in Salt Lake City comprising nearly 5,000 people over 70 years of age.

PRESIDENTIAL nominations for the two great political parties in the United States have resulted in the choice of Charles E. Hughes of New York by the Republicans and the re-nomina-

tion of Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey by the Democrats. The political contest promises to be hard and close.

COURTESY in public officials is not altogether eliminated from among the things the people demand and expect, as shown in the fact that a deputy auditor in Salt Lake County was required by the board of county commissioners to apologize to a young woman to whom he had been needlessly discourteous.

EQUAL SUFFRAGE for women has made a notable gain in receiving favorable mention in the great national political conventions in the United States. The woman suffragists seem better satisfied with the Republican than with the Democratic pronouncement, but as to the cause itself in which they are interested there is in each of them a great stride forward.

EARL H. H. KITCHENER, England's great soldier, was drowned in the sinking of the warship *Hampshire*, which struck a mine off the British coast. Much of England's success in army organization during the present war is due to Kitchener's skill and energy; and he was about the only one of the great military leaders who foresaw that the war would be a long one—on the first day of the outbreak he estimated that it would last three years.

THE MEXICAN situation has grown so much worse recently through attacks of Mexican troops on parts of the American punitive expedition which started into Mexico after the bandit Villa, that the national guard of the various States, aggregating about 150,000 men, has been called into active service by President Wilson. The first contingent of the national guard to reach the front under this call was Battery A, Utah, its destination being Nogales, Arizona. Utah will send upwards of a thousand of its troops, at the first call, for Mexican service.

THE ANTI-PROHIBITIONISTS in Utah are directly and vigorously supporting Gov. Wm. Spry for a third term as governor of Utah. One of his opponents for the Republican nomination is Edward E. Jenkins of Salt Lake City, who is a determined advocate of the immediate prohibition of the whisky traffic in Utah, and who also believes that the burden of taxation on the people of the State is unnecessarily heavy. The threat of the saloon element is that if the Republicans do not accept their candidate they will put up a third ticket in the State.

EDITORIAL

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Motto—Charity Never Faileth.

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WILL CONQUERING.

The Human Will.

How shall I conquer this human will, that best of servants and cruelest of masters? How shall I make my will obedient to the divine will? How rescue my will from the evil will, and how shall I will for myself peace, power, plenty and health? That divine power within us to do or to leave undone which we call will, is the chief cause of all our suffering, as of all our joy. We can will to be at peace in the most agonizing circumstances, as we can also will to be unutterably wretched, in the most tranquil and peaceful environment. The potentiality of the human will is least understood by the mental scientists who assume to discuss its powers and to define its possibilities; this, too, because the philosophers take no account of the action and reaction of the Divine will, and the demoniac will, upon the human will.

The Contest of Wills.

The human will has not only to battle with itself in choosing the good or the evil, there is also a constant friction and warfare with other human wills. The unseen wills, working in the dark, often thwart our most cherished desires, our best-laid plans. The conflict of wills is the most ennobling, as it is the most degrading force in the universe, and constitutes our most divine

and most wretched experiences. I want a position; my neighbor is working and willing to get the place. I want to take a ride, my husband wants me to remain at home. I want quiet, my little son enjoys banging his hammer on a tin plate. Whose will shall conquer?

What Shall I Do?

I am ill—I want to be well. Perchance, the Divine will sees it necessary, or the demoniac will finds it possible, to continue my suffering. I am poor—I desire means, a house, an income, money. It may well be that a cloud of human wills are reaching out for the very house, the very dollar I am fiercely struggling for. Who shall finally conquer?

Obstinacy and Will.

Don't mistake obstinacy for will, nor laziness for quiescence. The dominant will is often the most intelligent will. Obstinacy and ignorance are twins, and lazy wills are ever willing to succumb to other wills. The strong will, controlled by the intelligent mind, is a great force for good or evil in any community. The selfish will hides under puzzling exteriors—tender, womanly, tears, and tantrums are often the expression of cruelly selfish wills. Desire is not always will—"hell is paved with good intentions," said the old preacher.

The Bent Twig.

How easily I bend this will of mine in the wrong direction; and how quickly it sets into hard lines of habit that destroy my power to progress. "I never sleep before midnight—I wake up every night at three, and lie till morning"—three repetitions of this assertion, and the habit is well on to a fixed condition. "I can't eat prunes—I am obliged to take pills every night—I have a weak liver—I always lose my temper when my husband takes coffee—I can't live without my tea—I cannot bear this loss or trouble—I cannot bear it—" and lo, the thing is so. I say it is so, and my obedient will hastens to make the assertion true. If I would only say inside myself—"I can go to sleep at ten—my liver will be healed by the power of faith—I shall not get angry no matter what my husband does—I will forget my loss, I will be at peace—I will—I will— I will—" and lo the thing begins to be so. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," says the Preacher.

The Human Will Purified

The chastened will, molded by an invincible faith in God and His earth purposes, will lead the human soul into final glory. We may not always will ourselves health, peace, wealth or happiness. If we could, life would offer us no discipline. Into our great human battlefield, march battalions of other wills, officered by both good and evil powers. We enter upon daily engagements, hourly conflicts. The bugle call of duty flings us into

the fray, and we toss and struggle and fight—sometimes against windmills and sometimes with our own shadows.

I will—to do good! I will to be obedient to my file leader. I will to obtain health and to maintain it. I am torn by ravening appetites, but I will to refrain. I am beset with revengeful thoughts, but I will to pray for those that despitefully use me. I am angry, but I will keep silence, speak softly. I am poor, but I will to feel rich, to cultivate opulent thoughts. I am sick, I will to be healed, to be sound in limb and body. Yet in all this I will—O Lord, I will—to submit my will to the will of God, while waiting for Him to speak. I will be at peace, I will still fight for the good, and still struggle for victory.

The Toilers.

By Maud Baggarley.

Oh thou who hast striven through all the long years;
Who hath known bitter heartache;
Hath wept secret tears;
Yet labored serenely through heat and through rain,
For the sake of the hands clinging,
Hath hidden thy pain.

The while a voice called thee, insistently sweet,
Thy high spirit hampered
By slow plodding feet
Of those who didst need thee.
Unsung the glad songs astir in thy heart—
That fluttered and beat like imprisoned wings—
Thy horny hands gnarled from toil
Canst never awake from the string of a harp,
Those measures divine!

Yet canst thou not see
Thou shalt fear not nor fall,
For triumph o'er self
God ranks above all!
And for the missed baubles thou mightest have sought,
In thine own life is a miracle wrought,
Success out of failures;
And joy out of pain;
The place near the stars
Thou ne'er thought to gain!

Guide Lessons.

LESSON I.

Theology and Testimony.

First Week in September.

WOMEN OF THE BIBLE.

ESTHER.

(Read the Story of Esther.)

The "Book of Esther" is less popular than the "Book of Ruth," doubtless because its appeal is not so universal. The theme of the latter is personal loyalty; that of the former is race loyalty. But the Jewish girl who followed her fortunes in a foreign land till she became the wife of the greatest monarch of her time is more of a character—I do not say a better character—than the foreign maiden who pursued her destiny into Palestine to reap in alien fields.

Esther lived in what is known in Hebrew history as the Greek Period—the latter part, most probably. She was of the dispersion, that is to say, her people were scattered over the face of the land, whither they had been driven by the armies of a heathen king.

In those days Ahasuerus ruled over an empire of a hundred twenty-seven provinces. A voluptuous tyrant, proud of his greatness, as greatness went in those days, he was led by his princes to put away his wife, Vashti, merely because she refused to expose her beauty to an assembly of notables of the empire. In her stead he chose Esther, a Jewish maiden, probably without knowing that she was Jewish.

A crisis came in the fortunes of her people during her queenship, with which the "Story of Esther" concerns itself. Haman, a vain, conceited man whom the king had placed above the princes of his realm, contracted a violent dislike for Mordecai, Esther's uncle, and through him for the entire Jewish population. So he induced the king to order all the Hebrews to be massacred, "all Jews, both young and old, little children and women, in one day." And this monstrous crime would have been accomplished had it not been for the wit of Esther. At the suggestion of her uncle, Mordecai, she interceded with the king for her people. She invited the king and Haman to a special "banquet of wine," and in answer to the former's question, "What is thy petition, Queen

Esther?" she said, "If I have found favor in thy sight, O king, and if it please the king, let my life be given me at my petition, and my people at my request; for we are sold, I and my people, to be destroyed, to be slain and to perish." The king inquired who had presumed in his heart to do this. In reply the queen pointed the accusing finer at Haman, "An adversary and an enemy, even this wicked Haman." The result was that Haman was hanged on the gallows that he had had erected for Mordecai. Mordecai, partly through the influence of Esther and partly through an all but forgotten service he had performed for the king, was raised to Haman's power, the Jews were saved, and all ended happily.

Esther was left an orphan. After the death of her parents, she fell to the care of her uncle, Mordecai, a shrewd man who knew when the tide was in. His niece "obtained favor in the sight of all them that looked upon her." It appears that, in addition to certain physical charms, she possessed a disposition that adjusted itself to circumstances with as little inconvenience as possible to others. "And the maiden pleased him," says the narmaidens, which were meet to be given her, out of the king's household, "and she obtained kindess of him; and he speedily gave her things for purification, with her portions, and the seven maidens, which were mete to be given her, out of the king's house. And he removed her and her maidens to the best place of the house of the women."

Esther's character seems to be a compound of girlish dependence on sources outside herself, of womanly resource and mother-wit, and of a personal charm that won an easy place in the affections of those about her. Of this last quality I have already spoken. It remains to speak of the other two.

All through the narrative it appears that she relies for initiative on the experienced wisdom of her uncle. She is obedient to his every suggestion. When she is first taken into the king's palace, she does not show "her people nor her kindred" for "Mordecai had charged her not to show it." And even after she had been made queen and was loved by the king "above all the women," she "did the commandment of Mordecai, like as when she was brought up with him." Later, when the decree was issued against the Jews, and Mordecai suggested that she should "make supplication unto him and make request before him for her people," she was distrustful of her power. She requested Mordecai to "gather together all the Jews that are present in Shushan," to fast for her three days, and "I also and my maiden will fast in like manner."

Once, however, she senses the danger to her people and her possible power of delivering them, she becomes suddenly courageous and resourceful. "All the king's servants, and the people of the king's provinces," she tells her uncle, "do know, that who-

soever, whether man or woman, shall come unto the king into the inner court, who is not called, there is one law for him, that he be put to death, except such to whom the king shall hold out the golden sceptre, that he may live." Nevertheless, she stoically accepted the risk. "I will go in unto the king," she adds, "which is not according to the law: and if I perish, I perish." She entered the king's presence, and he extended the golden sceptre to her. To his question, "What wilt thou?" she answered evasively, "If it seem good unto the king, let the king and Haman come this day unto the banquet that I have prepared for him." But even then she, whether out of fearfulness or out of a desire to whet his curiosity, withheld her request in her people's behalf, and begged him to come to a second banquet with Haman. It was at this second feat that she revealed to her royal spouse the evil plot of the aspiring Haman. The immediate result of Esther's revelation of this man's dealings was that Haman was put out of the way. It remained for a second visit to the king by Esther to induce him "to reverse the letters devised by Haman" against the Jews. So Mordecai, who had by this time been given Haman's place, sent letters to all the provisional governors annulling the order issued to destroy the Hebrews. The queen, however, was not satisfied with this mere reversal. She wished for severer measures. Said Esther, when the king told her what the Jews had done to their enemies at Shushan, "If it please the king, let it be granted to the Jews which are in Shushan to do tomorrow also according to this day's decree, and let Haman's ten sons be hanged upon the gallows," which the king ordered done.

The character of Esther stands out in that inimitable and effortless way peculiar to the writers of the Bible, and is drawn with the few fresco strokes which is the envy of modern novelists. She is not the domestic woman that Ruth is nor yet a Judith devoting herself to one bold deed; rather is she the eternal woman, making use of her charms and her wit to plan by a series of stayed battles the salvation of a people to whom she is dedicated heart and soul. Nor is God left out of consideration, although His name does not occur in the whole story. Back of it all, however, is a religious atmosphere, an inexpressible something, that implies that God has a chosen people, that Israel is isolated, and that the Father is still caring for His people in the hollow of His hand.

QUESTIONS.

1. Why is Ruth a more popular Biblical character than Esther?
2. Who was Esther?
3. Compare and contrast at as many points as you can the character of Ruth and Esther.

4. What do you think of Esther's obtaining the king's consent for the Jews to be massacred?

5. Point out the things in Esther that differ from our ideals today; those that agree with ours.

6. In what respects do those times differ from ours?

LESSON II.

Work and Business.

SECOND WEEK IN SEPTEMBER.

LESSON III.

Genealogy and Art.

THIRD WEEK IN SEPTEMBER.

GENEALOGY.

SURNAMES.

A surname is a name sub-joined or added to the personal name. In other words, it is a family name. Surnames were not unknown in ancient times. The Romans had a personal name, then a family name, and then a tribal name. Hebrews also used surnames to some extent. Simon Barjonah was Simon of the tribe of Jonah. Like the personal name or Christian name, a surname is a means of identification for the individual. It is a family symbol, as it were. Simon may be one of ten thousand Hebrews. Simon Bar-jonah is one who belongs to the tribe or family of Jonah, and thus constitutes another means of identification, both for legal and social purposes. Surnames were not used in the modern sense until after the time of William the Conqueror. When he came over to England, with his horde of Norman adventurers and Barons, and conquered the Anglo-Saxon-Danish population, which had taken possession centuries before of the British Isles, William roughly seized the lands and properties of the Anglo-Saxons and quartered his nobles all over the land.

Finding it necessary to secure these lands to their new owners by some surer means of identification, as well as to discover just how much landed property could be assessed in his new kingdom, William caused an extensive and minute survey of the kingdom to be made through heralds or Court agents which he sent out for that purpose. These heralds recorded their findings in what is known as the Domesday Book. The result of their records in

this Book constitutes the very foundation of surname history for the English speaking peoples.

"After the coronation of William no man could hold an acre by an ante-Norman title. All were obliged to obtain a deed from the king, and it was exceptional that a thegn of the time of King Edward should retain his possessions under King William. Dispossessed, he must sink to be tenant-farmer or a villein. The freeholder of his allodial land had become extinct, and a network of officials was cast over England, holding the people involved in its toils."

The various owners of the manors and estates, both Saxon and Norman, found it necessary to designate themselves by a surname or added title beside their given or Christian names. As an illustration:

"At Christmas, 1171, Henry Courthose, son of Henry II., held his Court at Bayeux. It occurred to two Williams, the Seneschal of Brittany and the Governor of Normandy, to exclude from the outer hall every guest who was not named William, and they were able to admit 117 knights of that name, and this was in addition to the Williams who sat at table with the young king.

It became necessary for men to assume some sort of surname in order to distinguish William from William, and John from John, hence there would be William White and William Brown. All kinds of whims, fancies, and circumstances, contribute to the making of surnames for the English speaking peoples. There were surnames taken from the father name and the mother name, from the castle and manor, from the village and the town. There were trade names and place names, nick and descriptive names, prefixes and suffixes. Add to all this the influx of Scandanavian names, of French names, especially with the Huguenot refugees, of Scottish and Irish names, and you have a confusion of surname sources that constitute almost a babel of unintelligible origins.

If the genealogist, however, is to carry on his study and inquiry, back of 100 years, he must acquaint himself with the surname of his family on both the maternal and paternal sides. These surnames are vital clues to the history and origin of the family itself.

We invite our students, therefore, to join in a study, not only of their own surnames, but also of the subject itself, so that we may become intelligent in our search for our ancestors.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is a surname?
2. What can you say of Biblical surnames?
3. Who was William the Conqueror? (See English History.)
4. What do you know about the Domesday Book?
5. Who were the Angles? (See History or Encyclopedia.)
6. Who were the Saxons?
7. Who were the Jutes?
8. Who were the Danes, and how did they come into England?
9. How were surnames chosen?
10. Why is it necessary to have a name, or a surname?

Note.—All genealogical committees, both ward and stake, are urged to arrange for a beginners class in the study and practice of genealogy, with the opening of this season. The advanced lessons we are taking up this year will be arranged so that all the students can follow them with profit and pleasure, but every ward should have a working knowledge of preparing and keeping genealogical information, and there is no better way to do this than by having regular lessons given through the winter months in each ward for beginners.

ART AND ARCHITECTURE.

INDIAN SUMMER LANDSCAPE, SUNSET, AND TWILIGHT.

Indian Summer comes to the Rocky Mountain states with its most beautiful of sunsets, followed by wonderful twilights. These last come far into October. With the approach of Indian Summer, nature begins her preparation for the harvest—the fruit of the flower and the grain of the seed. Nature's coloring deepens as the days pass, and with a show of modesty, she envelopes her flamboyant tints, with a lovely haze, which she drapes about her like a veil of blue gauze. The effect is to mellow and blend together extravagant and perhaps inharmonious colors. It is at evening and at early morning that the autumn haze is most effective.

September Walk.

When you take your walk to study Indian Summer effects, arrange to come home by twilight. If it should be you go to the canyon or on the hills, you will get the full benefit of the fall sunset.

Select the spot to visit, carefully. Take one viewpoint, and

parison of foliage through the months of September, October, November and December.

Study the change in foliage in (a) mass of color, (b) character of foliage, (c) change in line, (d) change in feeling.

Observation.

My friend's observation is keen in some directions. She sees every detail of each lady's dress at the stake conference. She could even include an inventory of the color, shape, and price (if they were purchased in her town) of shoes, gloves, hat, and hose. And yet my friend's observation is very limited in a vital way. I know she would pass unnoticed the first wild geranium that blooms against the old picket fence. My little daughter has mounted in a herbarium twenty-seven varieties of neighborhood weeds, which she can name with ease (common name). My friend knows only the common name of three of these specimens, the remaining twenty-four being entire strangers to her, though she has passed and repassed them every day for twenty-five years.

Eyes for What?

Did God give eyes merely to keep us from stumbling over impediments in the road, or did he expect us to take notice of things about us?

I am thankful I had a mother who put her finger on the wild geranium, and named it; gave me a bunch of Shepherd's Purse with pink Sweet Williams, and said, "pretty." She showed me where the wild violets grew, and where to find the Indian Paint Brush, the Lark's spur, the Lady Slipper, and the Wild Sweet Peas. How I loved to hunt them!

Every year the family traveled to the "city" by team—160 miles, to visit grandparents. All the way our parents pointed out new, strange foliage, and the many tints and shades of color; directed our sight to the different birds and wild fowl, and to their strange, though interesting, sounds. I picture to this day many of those beautiful scenes, creeks, camping places, patches of pine, and scrub cedar, stretches of wild rose hedges on river banks, flocks of migrating wild fowl, flying and at rest. At night we slept between great thick quilts with wool batting. We knew the meaning of constellation, and watched the stars and planets come out at night. We knew the coyote's call, the mud hen's rasping note. A new, strange bird call brought us all up with sharpened ears.

Thank God for mothers that see! Pray that the unseeing may learn to love real beauty, and enjoy life's gladsome experiences. I pray that the art supervisors may be well chosen. There is always one woman in the town who knows all about growing things, and can tell us much, if she can be aroused to lend assistance. She will not think it a trouble to walk a block to obtain a

finer view of a sunset. Nor will she be too "old fogyish" to take a walk on the hills, and let what is there rest and revive her tired brain and hungry soul!

QUESTIONS.

a. Describe a corn patch with the autumn haze and sunset effect.

b. Describe a corn patch, with autumn twilight effect after the shadows are gone.

c. Describe a river bank on a September morning.

d. Describe a harvesting scene with some action, such as threshing or cutting.

e. Compare the change in color with that of January, April, and June.

f. Which are the lightest notes in the Indian Summer landscape under sunlight? Which the darkest note?

g. Describe the Indian Summer.

h. What things have already been harvested?

i. Make a sketch of a load of hay, haymen, and haycocks. Place the shadows as you see them.

j. Make a sketch of cattle in meadows.

ARCHITECTURE.

Devotees and their Shrines, Page 134-136.

EARLY REPUBLICAN PERIOD, AND THE REVIVALS.

a. Describe the Early Republican Period, and describe the Revivals.

b. At the close of the American Revolution, what called forth a great deal of new architecture?

c. What effect had this on monumental architecture?

d. What happened to the new Wren-Gibbs style during the Early Republican period?

e. Describe the New York City Hall.

f. Describe the Library University of Virginia.

g. What effect had the Europeans' revivals upon American architecture of this time?

h. What phase of architecture was most effected by the Revivals?

i. Describe the White House. What three architectural influences does it show? Answer: It recalls Renaissance and Roman feeling, and the large English country house of the time.

j. Describe the Sub-Treasury Building, New York City.

LESSON VI.

Home Economics.

FOURTH WEEK IN SEPTEMBER.

HOUSEHOLD WASTES.

Outline.

I. Introduction and Definition of Waste.
II. Money Wastes.
    a. Extravagant buying.
        1. Food.
        2. Clothing.
        3. Furniture.
    b. Extravagant using.
        1. Food.
        2. Clothing.
        3. Furniture.
III. Time Wastes.
    a. Standardizing labor.
    b. System in housework.
    c. Cooking and preparing of meals.
IV. Energy Wastes.
    a. Motion Study.
    b. Labor Saving devices.
V. False Economy.
    a. Bargain counters
    b. Using left overs.

"Waste Not Want Not."

1. Waste is usually spoken of as that material of little or no intrinsic value, that of which we can make no further use. But there is another waste that means a great loss to the average American home and it is to this we wish to call your attention.

2. *Money Wastes.* When one thinks of waste one naturally thinks of "money waste" and this may be divided into two heads (a) extravagant buying and (b) extravagant using.

(a) Extravagant Buying.

1. All the work of the home centers around the three meals each day. In the budget making we turn first to the food, here is the biggest item of expense. The "pay as you go" plan is the best; saves the most money, for this reason, where one goes to market to purchase food, by carefully planning one will know about what ought to be spent and accordingly will carry enough money to cover the expense. When the butcher is greeted, for instance, one has in mind a thirty cent steak, it is purchased and paid for. While nine times out of ten, if things are charged the butcher, would show an expensive cut of meat and the chances

are next month's bill would see a dollar roast where one had only intended to spend thirty cents. There are times, however, where a roast of meat is real economy.

Groceries bought in quantities is always a saving of money, time and energy. Such staples as flour, sugar, rice, beans, canned goods, starch, salt, etc., should always be in the house. By watching the market the housewife knows best when to buy these articles.

The word of wisdom tells us to eat food in the season thereof. It is surely a waste of money to buy food, fruit and vegetables, for instance, out of season. One pays too big a price for the nourishment obtained.

How often we find housewives buying more than is necessary; in small families, is this especially true. One dislikes to ask for fifteen cents worth of veal cutlets, for instance, because it is so little; and yet, in Europe, one can buy ever so little without a feeling of stinginess. Why should an American be so far behind in the line of economy?

2. It is extravagant to buy clothing of extreme color or style. Fashion changes so rapidly that one will soon find one's closet filling up with useless clothing. It is more economical to buy staple materials and patterns. Such things as bed linen and table linen can better be bought from reliable dealers at sales, but do not make the mistake of over-stocking because things are cheap; know why and for what you are buying before going to a store.

The best materials, even though one has to pay more money, are more economical in the end. They wear longer, look better, and can be made better use of after the wearer is through with them.

3. As to the buying of furniture, money is wasted by buying an inferior article, with a feeling that it is cheap and need not have special care, consequently it does not last long and soon has to be replaced. It is better to buy a little at a time and buy good furniture.

(b) Extravagant Using.

Many times we find an extravagant use of food materials when there is a generous supply on hand. There is always a tendency to be wasteful where such is the case and the housewife must be ever watchful or the money saved by purchasing in quantities can easily be wasted and more too. There is also a tendency to serve more and eat more when the supply is great.

Frequently we buy expensive clothes and wear them at unsuitable times, then when we are through with them, they are thrown away instead of being renovated and made over for some one else. It is a waste of clothing to have more than necessary. The biggest waste comes in wearing expensive, fine clothing in-

appropriately, for instance, silk hose for every day wear, expensive shoes to scrub and mop in, worn out party dresses in the kitchen, etc.

Most of the waste in our furniture comes in having more than necessary and in not taking care of what we do have. Teach the children to respect furniture by keeping their feet off it. It is ridiculous to wear buttons and combs that mar the backs of expensive chairs, etc.

3. *Time Wastes.* There is no question but the American housewife is facing a great revolution in the manner of her housekeeping. The efficiency idea which has already revolutionized and standardized so many industrial plants has now reached the home, and we must make way for it. Civilization has become too complex, too full of new demands and difficulties. We must get rid of more of the industries of the home in order to meet this new demand. The modern home needs much less skill and vastly more mental and *spiritual qualities.* One writer has said, "and though each of the industries of the home has to be packed out of the house separately there is no manner of use in trying to derail the train that is thundering to the eager co-operation, for they have heard the call of economy and they will go."

There is one thing certain, in order that time may be saved a good system must be back of our labors. To many, the saving of money is the only important thing and almost no expenditure of labor and time is considered. How sadly true is this of many of our Latter-day Saint mothers; whereas, it is often the most foolish thing to do.

It is said that Harrington Emerson, "the apostle of efficiency," has expounded twelve principles of efficiency and it would seem that most of them could successfully be used in the modern home as well as the factory. They are: 1. Ideal; 2. Common Sense; 3. Competent counsel; 4. Standardized operation; 5. Standardized conditions; 6. Standard practice; 7. Dispatching; 8. Scheduling; 9. Reliable, immediate and accurate methods; 10. Discipline; 11. Fair deal; 12. Efficiency reward.

The better ideals a woman has the better homemaker she will be, and no woman can run her home, her business, successfully without knowing what she is doing and why she is doing it.

The matter of having common sense will save a great many women time and energy. The kitchen is her workroom, her laboratory. A pot, a pan, is to be used. Why tuck it away in a cupboard where one must stoop down or use a stove hook to get it when wanted. Hang it where one can easily reach it. A few good utensils chosen well will be used frequently enough to keep them from getting dusty.

4. *Energy Wastes.* There is much written these days about motion study and standardizing practice, how can these be used

in the kitchen. Christine Fredrick has recently worked out a table giving proper heights for sinks. She says she wasted so much time running after things, and stooping over a sink furnished her by a plumber. Her table follows:

Height of Woman	*Proper Height of Working Surface*
4 feet 10 inches	27 inches
4 " 11 "	27½ "
5 feet	28 "
5 " 1 "	28½ "
5 " 2 "	29 "
5 " 3 "	29½ "
5 " 4 "	30 "
5 " 5 "	30½ "
5 " 6 "	31 "
5 " 7 "	31½ "
5 " 8 "	32 "
5 " 9 "	32½ "
5 " 10 "	33 "
5 " 11 "	33½ "

This same author says that 80 per cent of the present day inefficiency may be grouped under these heads:

1st. Worker does not have all the needful tools or utensils at hand before her when she begins to work, therefore:

2nd. She wastes time and effort walking to, hunting for, or fetching ingredient tools, or materials, she neglected to have at hand when she began the task.

3rd. She stops in the middle of one task to do something else quite unrelated.

4th. She spoils the efficiency of good work by losing time putting tools away, generally due to poor arrangement of kitchen, pantry and closets.

5th. She uses a poor tool or a wrong one; or works at a table, sink, ironing boarding or molding board of the wrong height from the floor.

6th. She loses time because she does not keep sufficient supplies on hand and because she does not keep her tools and utensils in good order.

5. *False Economy.* (a) One of the most economical things a woman can do is to keep alert to all the new household labor saving devices. They may not all be of use to her and to buy all would be foolish, but whenever she sees one that will save her time and labor it is false economy to let it go by and save the price.

Beware of bargain counters. One is tempted to buy things one does not need, laces, embroideries that are either too little or too much when one comes to use them. How many times

they are piled into a trunk to be used sometime. This is false economy.

There are sales when one can buy to advantage, but to buy because an article is cheap will soon "divide a fool and his money."

b. The truly economical housewife will plan in her cooking to have left overs, and to make use of these is an art that can only be learned by thought and practice.

The cheaper cuts of meat are not always the most economical for one must consider the extra fuel necessary to cook them. They may be cooked in a fireless cooker or when a fire must be kept for other reasons before they are economical. It is false economy to buy a soup bone, for instance, and boil it five or six hours on a gas range when a round steak cut and soaked in cold water and then cooked fifteen or twenty minutes would give more nutritive value for less money.

Space will not allow me to mention the many, many dollars that we are allowing heedlessly to slip through the kitchen sink. Think of the cream that is left on the milk pan as it comes to the dish pan. If a thin knife is run around the milk pan before the cream is removed much of the cream could be saved. Think of the carelessly baked bread that is thrown out. The nice gravy left to burn in the frying pan, this might all go into the soup kettle. Think of the many crusts and pieces of good bread that might be dried and made into crumbs to be used for croquets, escallops, etc., the soap that is wasted, and so on. From dietary studies carried on by the Department of Agriculture, at Washington, it has been estimated that waste in American families varies from almost nothing to one-fifth of the edible portion of food purchased due to careless buying and improper storage.

A large part of household waste arises from moral cowardice; a fear of being stingy keeps people from saving.

QUESTIONS.

1. Why is housework inefficient?
2. Do you consider it waste to feed left-overs from the table to the chickens and animals in the yard?
3. When can patching and darning be wasteful?
4. What labor-saving devices do you use that you know saves your time and energy?
5. How can you teach young people economy?
6. What is meant by motion study and standardized labor?
7. In your opinion is fancywork a waste of time?
8. What is false economy?

ABSENCE.

It is morning, dearest husband,
And from my bed I rise;
Upon the sleeping village near,
I lift my lonely eyes.
O'er the hill the sun is peeping,
And all nature seems so gay;
Yet my heart shares not the gladness,
Life is drear when you're away.

It is mid-day, dearest husband,
And the toilers hasten home,
Each to find his happy fireside
Where the loved ones hurrying come.
But I linger here in sadness,
O'er my lonely meal, today,
And I whisper to the silence,
"Life's so drear when you're away."

It is evening, dearest husband,
And I bow my head in prayer,
Asking God to bless my dear one,
And to keep him in His care.
Then I lay me down to slumber
And to dream of you till day.
'Tis the only ray of comfort
In my life when you're away.

LUCY BURNHAM.

KIRTLAND, NEW MEXICO.

KIRTLAND TEMPLE.